

Next Week! Corinne Cushman's New Story, "Madcap, the Little Quakeress."

NEW YORK SATURDAY MORNING ADAM'S A HOME WEEKLY

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No. 411

LOST WINGS AND LINGERING HEART.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

The year is in the leaves,
And the leaves are underfoot;
And as I linger, unto dead things e'ring,
High overhead I hear your happy swarms
Go by, oh, darling birds, singing and winging
To where the soft South-spring welcomes and
warms.
Season of song and flower
For frost-fake and snowfall.
The bare nest on the bough in broken weather,
Sweet eve grown ruinous, and strange the dawn,
And some day on sad mold some fallen feather
Will break my heart, birds, after you are gone.

Silver Star, THE BOY KNIGHT;

OR,

The Mystery of Osman, the Outlaw.

A PRAIRIE ROMANCE.

BY OLL COOMES.

CHAPTER V.

ARKANSAW AND THE BOY KNIGHT MAKE A RE-
CONNOISSANCE.

"Boy," replied Old Arkansaw, "what do you mean by saying Elwe is lost? Who or what is Elwe?"

In as few words as possible the Boy Knight narrated the adventure of the balloon, his rescue of Elwe, and her flight upon his horse.

Old Arkansaw was astonished by the lad's story, and when he had concluded his narration, the hunter said:

"Then the poor young thing never got through. The horse came all right, but no girl. I should think if the red-skins got her, they'd taken the horse too; so it's my solemn opinion that she's been killed."

"Oh, merciful heavens!" cried the boy. "I hope such is not the case. I cannot bear to think Elwe is dead. She was the prettiest girl, Arkansaw, that you ever laid your eyes on. And, then, she was as gentle as an angel; why, if it hadn't been for them wicked men in the bloom, I'd 'a' believed she was sent from heaven direct."

"Love! love!" muttered the old borderman. "I never knewed a boy to rescue a gal from danger in my life but he fell in love with her, heels over head. And then they're allers angels—beautiful, and all this sort of things, even if they're ugly as mud fences. Like as not your Elwe'd look like a bird without plumage to me. You see, old eyes and young eyes don't see alike. I used to see an angel in every gal's face, but how're you angels now? After I got jilted forty-seven times, the female sex became very plain—really human. But it's mighty queer 'bout that balloon business—some mystery. Why didn't you ax your angel 'bout it, Silver Star?"

"I did ask her, and she had just begun telling me when we discovered the Indians coming down upon us. But, Arkansaw, I must know what became of that girl—I will never quit these woods until I know whether she is dead or alive."

"Now, see here, boy; you've got a name all over Dakota and creation for bein' one of the best, slickest and most successful rangers, and so don't, for pity sake, let this girl-hunt spile all."

"Do you advise me, Arkansaw, to let her go—to not look after her to leave her, if livin', at the mercy of bloodthirsty savages?"

"Oh, no, Silver Star; be a man—die for love, if necessary—and you want to; but don't go too hasty. Keep cool and calculate carefully, and then see how she'll figger up. Now, Captain Barnes, nine of the soldiers are camped up here waiting for me to return with some game for breakfast, and if you'll wait till I block out a chunk of that dead deer, we'll go up to camp."

"Did you fire at that deer, Arkansaw?" the boy questioned.

"I did for a fact."

"And so did I, though I did not hear your gun. There are two bullet-holes in the animal's side. We must have fired simultaneously."

"Yes, for I didn't hear your gun till you begun to rattle off bullets to them red-skins. Heavens! how you managed that battle, for a boy. You're a good one, I'll vow. I'm awful glad to meet you, Silver Star; here, give us a shake—like to forget that; but say, just don't say anything to the boys 'bout the way I got that White Crane fixed up to abolish him. They might consider it a thundered good joke on—on—well, the tree we war huggin' up so skrimpsus. Just kind o' leave it all to me; I'll fix up this battered mug o' mine, to the boys, satisfactorily."

The scouts secured a portion of the deer, and the weapon of the fallen red-skins and at once set off for camp, where they soon arrived.

Silver Star was received in camp with shouts of joy; but great was their surprise when the men saw the face of Old Arkansaw, bruised and bleeding; and they at once plied him with questions regarding his injuries.

"This the old man had expected, and as he promised Silver Star, he fixed the matter up by a slight exaggeration of facts in a manner that reflected credit upon himself.

While the old frontiersman and one of the soldiers were preparing the venison for breakfast, Silver Star told Captain Barnes of all that had transpired since he left the fort. The captain was astounded at the story of the balloon and the disappearance of the maiden, and many and various were the conjectures concerning the aeronauts and their strange conduct. With what little that Silver Star had gathered of their conversation, Captain Barnes felt satisfied that the girl, Elwe, was the victim of some conspiracy, foul and malicious.



"I'm goin' to ride over on this log, Arkansaw, or die in the attempt," replied the boy; "steady, Prince, steady."

"But the maiden must be found, be she dead or alive," the soldier said. "One of the pickets said your horse came in from the direction of Deep Ford; and as this crossing is in the vicinity of the Indian village, she might have fallen into savage power."

"If so, then there may be some hope of finding her," declared the young scout; "but at any rate, I'm going to hunt for her until I know her fate."

"And you can count on my assistance," said the officer.

Breakfast being prepared and eaten, the party mounted their animals, and took their departure east, along the river.

As they had brought Silver Star's horse along with them, the youth once more found himself at home in the saddle, and that, too, with his shield-star blazing brightly upon his breast in the morning light.

The sun went down, and until noon when they halted for dinner and to await the coming of night. They were not far from the Indian village now, and what was to be done must be done under cover of night.

With restless impatience Silver Star watched the sun go down, and when the shadows of night again settled over all, the youth, in company with Old Arkansaw, mounted his horse and rode off up the river to make a reconnaissance of the Indian village.

An hour's ride brought them within sight of a hundred twinkling lights on the opposite side of the river.

"Great Scotland!" exclaimed Silver Star, pointing across toward the town; "I'd give my whole right and title to all Dakota if I could go through your hornet's nest like a volley of grape-shot."

"I wish so, too, boy, if wishin' 'll do any good," replied Old Arkansaw; "but I'll bet the red bastions have all got their optics skinned and their auriculars open. I just want to meet that sweet-scented White Crane again, and if I don't show him a thing or two I'll give my head for a lead-stool. If I should meet him to-night, I'd spatter his carcass all over this territory, and redder the moonshine with his blood. The cowardly, sneakin' ole bastion! Hivens! how I should like to clap them paws upon him again!"

And the old scout brought his palms together until they cracked like a pistol-shot.

"Suppose we go over and stir that hornet's nest up, anyhow?" suggested the Boy Knight.

"Haw! haw! haw!" laughed the scout, softly; "a boy can't pass a hornet's nest without shying a stone at it. But then, I'm fur anything that's full of fun and fire. We might go over and charge into their village and—then charge out again before the varmints sting, though it'll be awful risky. Jerusalem crickets! won't it raise a seethin' howl? Why, nothin' 'll compare with it since the morning stars sung together, and the Romans charged on Bunker Hill."

"Well, we'll have to go up the river to cross."

"Can't we swim her here?—like Washington did the ragging Rubicon?"

"No; the banks are too steep," replied the youth, leading the way up the river.

In a few minutes they came to what was known as the Deep Ford; and entering the stream, they crossed to the other side. Just as they were emerging from the water, the keen eyes of the Boy Knight caught sight of two canoes standing alongside of each other in the shadows of the bank, a rod or so below the crossing. There was an occupant in each boat.

Silver Star said nothing of his discovery until some distance from the river, when he drew rein and requested his companion to do likewise. Then he told Arkansaw of what he had seen, and dismounting, he left his horse in the old scout's care, and started back to ascertain, if possible, who the two were in the canoes.

He approached the river with the silence of a shadow, and at length came within earshot of the two unknown persons. Listening intently,

he was surprised to hear some one, speaking English, say:

"One of the horses looked like that which crossed here last night."

To this a girlish voice replied:

"That was the dreaded young pale-face upon him."

"Who?" exclaimed the man, apparently excited.

"Yes; did you not see the star upon his breast? The Indian maiden—for such the venturesome boy discovered her to be—replied."

"Had I known that, he would never have escaped alive."

"Does Silent Heart fear him like my people?"

Ah! who is Silent Heart? thought the listener.

"No; I do not fear him; but he is my enemy and your enemy, Nathelah."

"Yes; did you not see the star upon his breast?" replied the maiden, "and Nathelah should hurry and alarm the village."

"Do not be in a hurry, Nathelah; your people are not asleep. Silent Heart has much to say, for it will be many moons before he sees his sweetheart again. I am going away."

"Going away? Is Silent Heart fired of Nathelah? Does a fairer one sing words of love in his ear?" the girl asked.

"I will meet you here again, Nathelah. Watch by the river, and when a broken oar floats by the village, meet me here. I will come."

"And will you love Nathelah then as now?"

"Why should I not? Have I not pledged my love to you?"

"They tell me the tongue of the pale-face lover sometimes is crooked."

"Why should you doubt me, Nathelah?"

"Did the river not give to you one fairer than Nathelah? Is she not in the wigwam of the Silent Heart? And can her smiles and soft voice not woo him better than I?"

"Never, Nathelah, never!"

This assurance seemed to quiet the jealous fears of the Indian girl, and after a few minutes more of stolen bliss, their interview ended. The maiden headed her canoe down-stream, and the lover turned his in the opposite direction. In a minute or two both had disappeared.

Ever ready to grasp at straws, the Boy Knight began to analyze the conversation of the lovers. He wondered who Nathelah could be jealous of—who the fair one was that the river had given to Silent Heart. Could it have been Elwe?

The boy started at the question, and with the thought uppermost in his mind he returned to Old Arkansaw and made known his discovery, but without claiming any material benefit of what he had heard more than that the Indian girl would return to the village and inform her friends that Silver Star was about, and put them on their guard.

"Then let us rack out like a small hurricane," said Old Arkansaw, "and get down there ahead of the dusky brat, and go through the town like jagged lightning!"

So saying, they galloped toward the Indian village, Old Arkansaw taking the lead. Silver Star did not exactly know what his old companion's course of action was, but he made up his mind to follow him wherever he dared to go.

Straight on toward the Sioux town galloped the reckless scouts, and the nearer they approached it the faster they rode. Not a savage seemed to dispute their way, and without the least alarm being raised, they suddenly dashed into the outskirts of the village.

And now arose a Pandemonium of noises on the October night. Old Arkansaw uttered a yell of defiance and discharged his revolver at the nearest savage. Silver Star followed his example, and then putting spur, they thundered away through the dark part of the village,

with the yelping of dogs, the shouts and cries of women and children, and the yells of the warriors trailing after them until night became hideous with the sounds. But as well might they have pursued the wind, for ere they were aware of the fact, the raiders were in the woods—out of reach of all dangers.

But so successful had been the ride of the fearless scouts that Silver Star was not content to let well enough alone, and he resolved to make another dash. It is true, nothing had been accomplished by the charge, aside from the wild excitement it created; but this was not what had taken the Boy Knight there. He was in search of Elwe; and no sooner did he find himself in the woods with the savages all drawn from the village in pursuit, than he resolved to take advantage of the moment, and run another and greater risk in Elwe's behalf.

Without saying a word to Old Arkansaw, he turned abruptly to the right and galloped away through the woods back to the river. Then, turning down the stream, he again entered the Indian town on the south side, at which point he knew the place was deserted, the savages—men, women and children—being at the other side of the village.

With impunity, the daring boy galloped down into the very heart of the Indian town. He knew enough of Indian habits and customs to know that the prison lodge was located near the center of the village, and always designated by some peculiar device. As he advanced the young scout selected this lodge from among the many, and rode straight toward it. In a moment more he was at the door of the tent. No one was there to dispute his way, and leaning forward in his seat he raised the flap-door and looked in. But, darkness filled the apartment—he heard, he saw nothing.

"Elwe? Elwe, are you here?" he called out, but there was no response. Again he called the name of Elwe. A yell was the only answer. It was his twice-yearly cry.

A number of squaws seeing him, gave the alarm in the most frightful, discordant screams that ever issued from human lungs; and in another moment that swarm of savages was rolling back from the woods like an angry pack of wolves. Putting spur the Boy Knight pushed on through the village westward. Before him lay an open level expanse of meadow, flooded with the mellow moonlight.

The savages seeing the course he had taken, began to spread out to the right to head him off; and the crash of firearms now was added to the direful sound of savage lungs. Lead whistled over and around the young horseman thick as hail. But he was not destined to escape unpunished this time. A bullet struck his ankle, inflicting a serious and painful wound. The shock paralyzed his whole leg, and it was only by a desperate effort that he succeeded in keeping his seat in the saddle.

"Oh, by heavens!" he exclaimed, as the pain shot through his body, forcing a groan from his lips. "I've got it at last, and got it badly, too. I'd ought to have known better than to come back here into this hornet's nest. I believe my leg is shot off. On, Prince, my good old horse; the red demons are mountin' and pursuin' us!"

He was now on an open plain, but a belt of timber lay a short distance before him, and straight toward the nearest point he held his way.

Almost on the very margin of the woods the animal came to a sudden stop, nearly pitching his wounded rider forward over his head.

"Another confounded blunder!" exclaimed the boy, for before him ran a deep, yawning rift that he had never thought of before, yet knew was there.

He glanced back—to the right and left. Mounted savages were coming rapidly across the opening. He was in a dangerous predicament. He could not escape by swimming the river, for the banks, he knew were high and

precipitous. The rift was before him, and the approaching savages now completed the enclosing circle. Escape seemed impossible, and capture would be certain death.

Before him a tree had been felled so as to span the channel. The top side of this log had been hewn away to a flat surface over twelve inches in width. This had been used by the Indians as a foot-log, and the sight of it suggested a means of escape to the daring young knight. But he was wounded, as he believed, so that he could not walk. The only way he could effect his escape was by deserting his horse and dragging himself along upon his hands and knees the best he could. A moment's reflection, however, convinced him that he could never elude the savages by this means, and all hope had faded from his breast, when out of the darkness of the woods upon the opposite side of the chasm, a voice cried out:

"Dismount, boy, and cross on the log!" It was the voice of Old Arkansaw.

"I can't, Arkansaw; one of my legs is shot off, I guess," was the boy's cool response.

"Oh, great Babylon!—boy, they'll abolish you! See! they're comin' a thousand million strong! My God, Silver Star! what are you goin' to do, boy?"

The lad had turned his horse's head and was urging it toward the chasm.

"I'm goin' to ride over on this log, Arkansaw, or die in the attempt," replied the boy; "steady, Prince, steady."

"Farewell then, brave boy, farewell!" growled the old plainsman, as he saw the trained horse, obedient to its master's will, place its fore feet upon the narrow bridge and then with a spring plant the others close behind them. He saw the horse, with neck extended and form quivering over the precipice, take one step; but he saw no more, for he turned his head to shut out the scene that followed.

CHAPTER VI.

AN INTRUDER IN CAMP.

OLD ARKANSAW heard the sound of the horse's hoofs upon the log, and heard it snorting with affright; he heard the voice of his young friend speaking words of command and encouragement to his horse—he heard the wild screams of the approaching savages—all, seemingly, blended in one awful, horrible sound that numbed his very senses, and transfixed his will with fear and terror. His heart seemed to rise in his throat, and a dreadful, choking sensation followed. They were the pangs and burnings of the most painful suspense that man could suffer; and it seemed as if they would never end.

Everything was on a blinding whirl about the old hunter.

"Come, Arkansaw," suddenly exclaimed a voice, and a horseman swept past him.

The spell was broken. It was the voice of Silver Star—the Boy Knight was safe. He had safely ridden his horse over the chasm upon the foot-log—performed a miracle!

The old hunter started up, gave utterance to a yell of joy, and putting spur, dashed away after the fearless boy.

Dumb with astonishment, the red-skins paused upon the edge of the chasm. Then a cry of baffled triumph burst from their throats. A few dismount, and running across upon the log, start in pursuit of the Boy Knight.

Away through the forest sped the two scouts. They followed the river a few miles, when they finally rode into the stream and crossed to the opposite shore. Continuing on, they soon reached camp, when Silver Star was assisted from his horse and his wound examined.

It was found that the ball had struck his ankle, inflicting a very painful, but not dangerous wound. The whole foot and leg had been completely paralyzed by the shock; but this gradually wore off, leaving the sense of pain more acute.

Captain Barnes dressed the wound as well as means at command would permit; and recommended a frequent application of cold water to allay the pain and fever.

Already the soldiers had taken the necessary precautions to guard against a surprise by the Indians. Besides the four guards stationed at as many different points, the location selected for a camp possessed great natural advantages as a defensive position. It was guarded upon one side by the river, and then nearly surrounded by a horseshoe-shaped body of water upon the other sides, thus forming a kind of a peninsula that could be reached only by way of a narrow neck of land.

The peninsula was about five acres in area—a low, sandy tract of land covered with tall, dense timber, and strewn with driftwood and debris, for the place was subject to overflows during high water.

In the very center of this point had the soldiers lighted a camp-fire; and after the return of Arkansaw and Silver Star, and the wound of the latter had been dressed, and the story of their adventures narrated, all seated themselves around the fire and engaged in a quiet conversation.

Thus an hour had passed, when suddenly a shrill, strange voice pierced through the solemn stillness of the place and started soldier and scout to his feet.

The tramp of feet and the cracking of dry brush was heard, and a moment later one of the guards came into camp, escorting a queer-looking creature as it had been their lot to look upon in many a day; and what was most strange, the person was a woman—a white woman, well on toward fifty years of age.

She was dressed in a garb as odd and outlandish as her general appearance. Her dress was made of some heavy, coarse material of a dirty brown color. It was scant in breadth and in length, and just reached to the tops of a pair of number-seven army shoes. Over this dress she wore a pea-green jacket embroidered with red, and trimmed with rows of different-colored beads. Upon her head was a great, flaring bonnet that rose and fell like elephants' ears with each nod and motion of the head. Upon one arm she carried a small beaded sachel which appeared to be well filled; and in her right hand she carried a great, heavy and clumsy-looking umbrella that seemed to be the worse of long usage.

"Well, by the Holy Jerusalem!" exclaimed

the small, low cottage, to which we introduced the reader at the commencement of our story. It had lost much of the neat, trim appearance it had then; the gate was broken and the vines dismantled from the rustic porch.

A man was splitting wood just outside. "Does Barbara Worth live here?" inquired Mr. Cameron.

The man looked puzzled. "Is it blind Barb, ye mane?" "Yes, she was blind, and her name is Barbara."

"Sorra a bit does she live here now, at all, at all!" I heard say that she was out of her head, like, an' Miss Sutton tick her to some doctor's place, or rather."

"Sutton! Sutton!" repeated Mr. Cameron, in an excited tone and manner, "what Sutton! Was her Christian name Lucia?"

"I'm thinkin' that was her name, sur. I only knew her as the laddy that lives in the big white house on the hill—or did live there."

"Where is she?"

"That I couldn't tell you, sur," said the man, with a solemn shake of the head; "she's dead."

Richard smiled at this non-committal reply, while Mr. Cameron looked as though he was uncertain what to do next.

"If this woman was Lucia Sutton," he said to his nephew, "she is the person I have been trying to find so many years, and who I am now more convinced than ever was at the bottom of all these troubles. But if she is dead, and Barbara Worth cannot be found, there is nothing to be done, as I see."

A pleasant, intelligent-looking woman, with a baby in her arms, had come out of the house, and stood listening to this conversation.

She now spoke.

"Barney, I don't believe but what Elsie Pringle could tell the gentleman what he wants to know. You know she lived with Mrs. Sutton, and went with her when she took blind Barb to New York."

"Where does this person live?" said Mr. Cameron, turning to the young woman.

"She keeps a variety store in the village, sir. It's on Main street, on the right as you go down. You can't miss it."

Mr. Cameron put some silver in the chubby hands of the baby; then the two retraced their way back to the village.

Going down Main street, they soon came to a little shop, on the door of which was very conspicuously lettered:

"MISS PRINGLE'S FANCY STORE."

On one side of it was a show window, in which were displayed specimens of the various articles sold within.

As they opened the door, the sharp ring of a bell called a woman out from a room in the rear.

It is our old acquaintance Elsie, looking very much the same as when we first met her, with the exception of a slight limp.

She passed round back of the counter, to where her supposed customers stood.

"I wish to see Miss Elsie Pringle."

"That is my name."

"You lived with the late Mrs. Sutton?"

Elsie looked uneasy, scanning more closely than she had hitherto done the countenances of her visitors.

"Well, yes, I lived with her—why?"

"Do you know what became of Barbara Worth, commonly called Blind Barb, who went with Mrs. Sutton to New York last spring?"

The uneasiness so plainly visible in Elsie's face, now changed to fear and distrust.

"No, I don't. I didn't have nothin' to do with her goin'." She seemed sort o' crazy. When we got to New York, she grew worse, an' Mrs. Sutton sent her to some doctor. That's all I know 'bout it. Did you want to buy anythin'?"

Here Richard said something to his uncle in a low voice, who replied to him in the same tone.

Then the latter turned again to Elsie.

"I have a feeling of importance to say to you, and must ask a private interview."

Elsie led the way, with visible reluctance, to a little room back of the shop.

It was evident to Mr. Cameron that she knew more than she was willing to admit, for fear of compromising her mind, though in what way was a puzzle to him. It almost seemed as if she was alarmed for her personal safety.

"If there's anythin' wrong," she commenced, in an agitated voice, "it ain't my fault. I waited on Barb and did just as Mrs. Sutton told me, and if any mischief has been done, I ain't to blame for it."

Mr. Cameron was convinced by Elsie's words and manner that some foul play had been attempted, if not perpetrated; but the first thing to be done was to allay her apprehensions.

"You are not going to be blamed for anything. Nor will you be harmed; unless, indeed, you refuse to give me the information I am sure you possess. On the contrary, if you answer my questions truly and honestly, you will be liberally rewarded."

Elsie looked distrustfully at the bank-note that Mr. Cameron took from his pocket-book, saying:

"Of course, I'll tell you anythin' I know, sir."

"Well, then, what was Mrs. Sutton's object in taking Barbara Worth away among strangers?"

"Well, sir, she said she wanted to consult some doctor about her."

"I didn't ask you what she said; I asked you what you believed her object to be. Mrs. Sutton is dead; you surely have no reason to fear her now?"

"I think 'twas because she was afraid she'd tell something; in fact, she told me so."

The uncle and nephew looked at each other.

"She did! Now you tell me what you waited on Barbara; was her mind really affected, or was it simply a pretense on Mrs. Sutton's part? Remember that your only safety lies in being perfectly frank."

"Well, sir, there ain't no denyin' but what Barb was out of her head, but I think more'n somethin' that Mrs. Sutton give her that made her so. I minded that she always had them queer spells after she'd took some of the wine or cordial that Mrs. Sutton kept by her."

"How did it seem to affect her?"

"At first, it made her giddy an' crazy-like; then she grew stupid, an' didn't seem to take no notice of nothin' nor nobody. A good deal of the time I dressed an' undressed her as I would a baby."

"Before Barbara went to New York, did she live quite alone?"

"Yes, sir. She lived in a little cottage out of the village, that belonged to Mrs. Sutton."

"Did you ever know of her having a child with her, a girl?"

"No, sir, only Mrs. Sutton's daughter. She had the care of her, I think, from a baby."

"How old is this daughter?"

"I couldn't tell exactly. I should say she must be eighteen or nineteen; something along there, sir."

"You think this girl is Mrs. Sutton's child?"

"She was always called so. It ain't more'n eight years ago Mrs. Sutton come to Edgemoor; so her daughter was quite a girl when I first saw her."

Mr. Cameron looked attentively at the speaker. If she had any doubts on the subject, or knowledge of facts, beyond what she stated, she was evidently determined to keep them to herself.

"How long has Mrs. Sutton been dead?"

"About six months."

"Where did she die, here?"

"Oh, no, sir; she was killed on the cars last summer. I presume you heard of it; two trains coming together, owing to some mistake about the time. There was a terrible loss of life. It was a great escape for me. I was sitting beside Mrs. Sutton only a few minutes before; but there was a lady on board on her way to be governess in a family she was acquainted with—Miss Lane, I think her name was—an' she told me to give her my place, so I took a seat on the other side. I hadn't much more'n got

comfortably fixed when the trains met. Mrs. Sutton an' this lady were so crushed that if it hadn't been for their dress they couldn't have been told apart, an' the only hurt I had was on my foot."

Mr. Cameron listened very gravely to this.

"It was a terrible death. I knew Mrs. Sutton some years ago, when her fate promised to be very different. Now I want to find this blind woman, Barbara Worth. Where did Mrs. Sutton take her when she left New York?"

"I didn't go with her; I stayed with some relatives I had in the city while she was gone. She told me, when she got back, that she'd left her with a doctor, in some place on the Hudson. 'Twan't more'n two weeks after that she was killed."

"Did she leave no letters or papers that could give any clew to this doctor's name and address?"

Elsie glanced at the bank-note, and then at the face of the speaker.

"I don't know; perhaps I might find somethin' of the kind."

"If you can, and will give it to me, I shall not only be greatly obliged, but will give you this fifty-dollar bill."

Elsie looked at the note that was held up to her, as if to make sure of the amount; then rising with alacrity, disappeared behind a curtain at the further end of the room.

She soon reappeared with an empty directed envelope in her hand, which she handed to Mr. Cameron.

It bore this inscription:

"Dr. John Garvin, Poughkeepsie, N. Y."

"This is the doctor's address with whom Barbara Worth was left?"

"Yes, sir."

Rising to his feet, Mr. Cameron put the envelope into his breast-pocket, and the bill in the eager hand held out to receive it.

"We must go directly back to the city, Dick. If we hurry we can catch the next train."

CHAPTER XXIII.

RICHARD'S VISIT TO FOREST HILL.

It was night when Mr. Cameron and his nephew got back to the city; and as anxious as the former was to follow up the clew he had received, he was obliged to defer it until another day.

They went to a hotel.

After supper Mr. Cameron went to his room to obtain the much needed rest, but Richard went round to see Hannah.

The reader will remember Hannah Prouty, in whose lodging-house Irva found refuge on her escape.

The good woman was surprised and delighted to see him.

Among the many questions that poured in upon him, she found time to inquire about Irva, who held a warm place in her heart.

"Is she still at your sister's, Mr. Richard? I haven't heard nothin' from her or seen any of your folks to inquire."

"I presume she is; there is where I left her. I expect to see her to-morrow. Uncle Charles has some business up the Hudson, and I'm going to see him."

"I tell Miss Lane from you?"

"Give her my love, for one thing. And tell her that she mustn't forget her promise to come an' see me whenever she comes down."

"I will, and I won't forget my promise to bring her, either."

"What nonsense, Mr. Richard. But you always will have your joke."

"It's no joke at all, Hannah," laughed Richard, as he ran down the steps; "when you see her, you'll see me."

Richard was good as his word; reaching Forest Hill about noon, in the midst of the first snow-storm of the season.

As he rode up to the door, he looked eagerly toward the school-room windows, hoping to catch a glimpse of the form, so often present in his sleeping and waking dreams. But the blinds were closed, and there were no signs of life in that part of the building.

He found Kate all alone, with the exception of the children.

"Janey went back this morning, and as John had some business in the city, he went with her. You must have passed on the way. You spoke about uncle Charles; why didn't he stop with you?"

"He had some business beyond. I presume he will stop on his way back. You know the speech he has been making so many years; he thinks he has obtained a clew now that will lead to some definite conclusion."

Kate looked disturbed. She had always entertained hopes that Mr. Cameron would make Richard his heir; loving her brother too well not to feel uneasy at the discovery so likely to prove adverse to his interests.

"What has he discovered? Anything of importance?"

"I don't feel at liberty to state just what it is, even if I understood it fully, in all its bearings. But, however, I believe I hope that it will remove the cruel uncertainty that has tortured so long one of the noblest hearts that ever beat."

During this conversation, Richard had kept his eyes and ears on the alert, thinking that something of importance might be said that would lead to the subject that was uppermost in his thoughts.

He now said:

"By the way, Kate, I called on Hannah when I was in the city. I found the good old body full of lodgers, and as busy and happy as a bee. She sent a message to Miss Lane, that I must not forget to give her."

Kate's countenance underwent a noticeable change.

Miss Lane, as she called herself, is gone. George Lane came from the West, and declared that she was not his sister, nor any way related to him."

Kate was totally unprepared for the effect of these words on her brother.

He started to his feet, confronting her with a look that she never forgot.

"And you sent her away?"

"Of course. You don't think I would keep her after learning the deceit she had practiced? But it was a great surprise to us all."

"I was never so deceived in any one in my own life."

"In your favorable estimation of her character, and I know from your own lips that it was favorable—you were not deceived in her, Kate."

Kate's face flushed hotly.

"I never thought to hear my brother defend such conduct as this! In my opinion, a young girl that could plan and carry out such a deliberate and systematic deception must be very depraved!"

"It was not her plan, it was mine."

"Yours?"

"Yes, mine. It was my suggestion that she enter your family in the way she did enter it. In fact, I had to exercise all my powers of persuasion to induce her to consent."

"Richard Harrington! If any one else had told me that you would do, or countenance such a thing, I wouldn't have believed it!"

It was a peculiarity of Richard's that he saw a ludicrous side to most everything, and the amazement and horror in his sister's uplifted eyes and hands brought a roguish smile to his lips.

"You see, Kate, you may know a person all your life, and be deceived in him."

"It may seem very funny to you, but it was the indignity of it, but to me it is perfectly dreadful!"

"That is very possible; only let your censure fall where it belongs, on me. The sin and folly are mine, and I don't propose to share them with any one."

"It's all very well for you to say that, but it's my belief that she came here for the express purpose of entrapping you into marrying her."

"You were never more mistaken in your life, Kate. If you'll listen to me with any degree of calmness, I will tell you just how the whole thing came about, and all there is to it."

Here Richard related to his sister what the reader already knows.

"It was not my intention to leave you in ignorance of these facts," he said, in conclusion; "as soon as Irva had been with you a few days, and you felt interested in her, as I felt sure you would be, I intended to tell you just as it was. But, Miss Weston came—and various other things, not necessary to mention now, deterred me. As you know, I was called away very unexpectedly. I left with the intention of writing you about it, after I had been away a few weeks, or else defer it until my return, which I supposed would be in three or four months."

For the first time in her life, Kate was seriously angry with her brother.

"What you tell me makes it no better for her, and much worse for you. What right had you to place in my family a woman, picked up in the street, and of whose character you knew nothing?"

"Kate, answer me this one question: Did you ever see anything amiss in this young lady while she was with you? Was not her conduct, in every respect, gentle, modest, and womanly?"

You told me, yourself, that the children never behaved so well as they did when under her care and influence."

Kate remembered what she said, and her brother's allusion to it only increased her anger.

"I don't care if I did! It was a contrived plan, on her part, to make you think her a piece of perfection; and it seems to have succeeded!"

Here Kate's excitement culminated in a burst of tears.

Richard waited, with all the patience he could muster, until this had passed. Then he said:

"I sent her a letter, directed to this place; did she get it?"

"It came on the day she left. I was just on the point of sending it to her, when I heard she was gone."

This was the truth, though not the whole truth, as Kate well knew. In her brother's present mood, she did not dare to let him know how long the letter was in her hands before Irva's departure.

"One question more: Where did she go?"

"I don't know where she went."

"Do you mean to tell me, Kate, that you don't know what direction she took when she left here?"

"I can get the impression that she returned to New York. I never inquired where she was going; and I am very glad, now, that I didn't."

Kate looked at her brother in amazement. In all her life, she had never known him to betray so much feeling and excitement as now.

He walked up and down the room for some moments without speaking.

Then, suddenly turning, he confronted her.

"Kate! I love that girl with all the strength of my manhood; I never knew how well until now! I will search the wide world over, but will find her; and I give you fair warning, if I am so fortunate as to find her, that I shall make her my wife!"

In spite of his sister's entreaties, Richard returned to New York on the next train.

In the next *Herald* was the following "personal."

"IRVA will send her present address to the *Herald* office, she will greatly relieve the anxiety of her friends."

BROTHER RICHARD.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 408.)

THERE IS NO DEATH.

BY MRS. JERNINGHAM.

There is no death, the suns go down To rise upon another sphere;

When Nature kindly clouds the sky It is that men may rest from care.

The roots that hide within the earth Give nurture to the buds and leaves;

Life is the seed that grows in the soil, God gives the life that each receives.

When the spring animates the earth, Nature, sweet mother, rises again,

Calls all her children from their sleep, Her voice is never heard in vain.

And music, let it rise and fall, Exerts an influence o'er the soul

As on the air each cadence floats. When chaos yielded every space,

God in His wisdom gave us light, Which still doth bless the universe,

Even when hidden from our sight. The land and sea together blend,

The hills and dales with echoes ring, The waters as they ebb or flow

The great Creator praises sing. Man is of all God's works the best;

He feels the pulse of life and love; The life that animates the soul

Will live through all eternity. Eternity, mysterious word,

That only Faith can comprehend, Faith that will lead to heaven above,

All those who sit on God's right hand.

Glad to Get Home.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

THE golden glory of the autumn sunshine, deepened by the near approach of a glorious sunset, fell over the low white farmhouse, and the fresh, green lane, and the little brown gate.

And lingered with loving touch upon the auburn hair of the pretty girl at the gate, as she stood tapping the latch impatiently with her dimpled hand, a frown on her fair face, and a decided pout upon her red lips.

Her companion, a broad-shouldered, tall, good-looking young fellow, leaned with folded arms upon the rustic fence beside the gate, looking into her downcast face, or rather at it, while he spoke seriously to her.

Harry Thornehurst was the dearest little farmer's lassie a man ever loved—and of course Harry Johnson loved her, but she was a willful little piece, too, and just now her will was in opposition to her lover's.

For Hattie did not like the fall. She longed for a taste of gay life in the glittering city, and never remembered, silly little thing, that the pretty robin red-breast, such a dear little bird in his own nest, could never be happy among a gorgeous group of brilliant birds of Paradise.

And now Hattie had an invitation to spend the whole winter with a rich aunt in New York, and Hattie wanted to go. More especially as she had lately had a gift of five hundred dollars from her grandfather, and felt herself able to go in style.

Harry Johnson did not want her to go, and he had just been telling her so.

"Putting myself out of the question, pet," said Harry, as Hattie stood tapping the gate latch, "I don't think you ought to leave your mother. She does not seem stout this fall, and there's too much work here for her to do alone."

"Let Tom hire a girl, then!" pouted Hattie.

"That would be a heavy expense, and you know Tom wants to pay off all the mortgage your father left on the farm this year."

"I'll hire a girl," cried Hattie. "I'm sure it won't cost Tom anything if I go. I have grandpa's money, you know."

"Yes, Hattie. But pardon me if I say that I think your grandfather's money could be better spent than in fine-dressed Hattie, quickly."

"If you were to invest it in some nice little piece of property, now."

"Oh, yes! And then if we ever marry, the nice little property will be yours, I suppose!"

The instant she had spoken Hattie would gladly have recalled her ungenerous words, for she well knew Harry Johnson was above any such thoughts.

His face turned scarlet, he let go of the fence, and walked away a few steps. Then he came back.

"Hattie, you are not yourself, now, and not-

ing you can say shall make me angry. But you know I did not deserve that cut."

"No, you didn't. I was wrong to say so. Forgive me, Harry, please! I didn't mean to, but you do aggravate me so!"

"I will not aggravate you further, Hattie. Your money is your own; do as you like with it, and go where you like. But if I had authority over you I would certainly prevent this visit to the city."

Poor Harry was unfortunate in his choice of words this evening, for this speech roused Hattie's temper again.

Her eyes flashed as she cried, "You haven't authority over me, Harry Johnson, and if you go on this way you never will have!"

"Take care, Hattie," cried Harry, turning very white.

"I won't take care!" cried Hattie, recklessly. "I believe the very best thing I could do would be to break the engagement before I go!"

"Do you mean what you say?" asked Harry, in a low tone.

Nothing could stop Hattie, now.

"Yes, I do! I dare say we would never get along if we did marry, so we had better quit now."

"If you go to the city, I suppose we had," said Harry, in the same deep, suppressed tone.

"For you will be very likely to throw yourself away on some brainless fool who will never make you half as happy as I would, plain rustic though I am. But I'll give you one chance to reconsider this, Hattie."

"I don't want any chance! I don't intend to reconsider, and I'm glad to break!" cried Hattie, who seemed as if the demon of perversity had possession of her.

If Harry could have grown whiter he would. But he spoke quite calmly as he said he would go.

"Very well, I shall never ask you to reconsider again. We will take this as final. You need not return my ring. I have no use for it, and no other girl shall ever wear it. Throw it away as you have me. But remember, Hattie Thornehurst, if you ever need a friend, while Harry Johnson lives you have one who will serve you. Now good-by; I hope you will be happy."

He turned and strode away without even offering her his hand. Poor Harry! he came up to the little gate so happily a few minutes before, and he was going away so utterly miserable.

And Hattie, as she walked into the house, felt quite sobered, if not frightened, by what she had done. She would not dare to tell her mother and Tom, that was sure!

She would not even take off Harry's ring till she went away, for now she was determined to go. The gentle mother, she well knew, would offer no objections, and Tom said he would as soon undertake to break four yoke of oxen as to manage her, so he, at least, would not interfere.

She wrote aunt Julia she would come at once. And a few days after, when she had resolved to give up the trip and stay at home, came a box from aunt Julia, shimmering silks and flashing bugles, and turned poor Hattie's head completely away from her simple home, and plain country dresses.

She went to the city. And as Harry called to bid her good-by, she did not need to tell Tom and her mother that the engagement was broken. But she knew that he only called to keep down gossip, and his manner was so cold and constrained that she was glad when he was gone.

And she tried to persuade herself that the dull, heavy heartache she felt was only vexation.

Aunt Julia received her rapturously, and immediately began to take delight in dressing her up in all the fine fashions she could think of, saying a girl so beautiful could not fail to make an impression if she was well dressed.

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IN OUR NEXT MADCAP,

The Little Quakeress;

OR,
THE NAVAL CADET'S WOOLING.

A Romance of the Best Society of the Penn City.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,
AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "WAR OF HEARTS," "BRAVE BARBARA," ETC.

Of singular interest, beauty and subtle power, this enchanting serial is really four love stories in one—a revelation of four girls' loves and fates, and a romance of "the best social circles" in the quaint old city that throws a steady light into parlors and homes not often invaded by the "interviewer."

**Willful, Provoking Coralie, the Madcap,
Pure, Faithful, Beautiful Ethel,
Artful, Weak, Ambitious Myra,
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all are "heroines" in the story sense, and yet all are but actors in one most eventful series of circumstances that test and try them all, to the very soul; and the story, hence, is a most powerful presentation of the mystery of the woman heart, mind and nature. Not less, too, is it a searching and significant portraiture of man.

**The gay, dashing, honorable Cadet,
The dissolute, mean, desperate Garwell,
The high-toned, trusty, devoted Evelyn,
The plain, straightforward Ignacio;**

all are masterly characters that bring into strong relief some of the best and worst qualities of men.

Joseph E. Badger, Jr., Again!

Soon to commence, a powerful and exceedingly striking story from this admirable delineator of Wild Western Life, viz.:

Happy Jack and Pard;

OR,
THE WHITE CHIEF OF THE SIOUX.

A Romance of Sports and Perils of Post and Plain.

While it is a most truthful delineation of life in the still savage West it is deeply absorbing in story—original, novel and almost surcharged with the interest of the conflict of savage and outlaw and ruffian life with the incoming civilization. It will command an eager perusal.

Sunshine Papers.

A Lesson for All to Learn.

HARD times! Bless us, how delightful it would be to hear about something new! We never remember hearing of good times, except the "good time coming;" and it is so long on the way that we have fears it will not arrive before the millennium. But hard times—bah! it has been hard times ever since one's cradle days.

Were there not hard times—financial panics, business crashes, innumerable failures, and all those horrible affairs for which the men nowadays turn the morning papers daily, and with which they season their breakfast and cheer their families—in 1857? And did not the black days of secession and rebellion follow fast after, when prices went up to fabulous figures, and poor men found joining the army a salvation from starvation? That was when a yard of white muslin was worth its weight in gold, sugar was precious as silver, tea more valuable than gems, and everything else eatable, or drinkable, or wearable, or needful in any way cost accordingly.

Those were hard times; and we have heard of nothing but hard times ever since, though there came a season of seeming prosperity, when rents and real estate brought in fabulous amounts, and people learned to make and spend money recklessly. Ah! that was the hardest time of all—for the evil habit of recklessness affected the rich and the lowly alike, and the working people in their efforts to keep up with their wealthier neighbors forgot what frugality and economy meant. As merchandise fell in prices they bought more instead of

saving more, and the wife of the clerk dressed as finely as the wife of his employer. And now, when real estate is almost a curse to those who hold it, and stocks are depreciated, and factories are closed, and failures in all kinds of business are everyday occurrences, and workmen and clerks are thrown out of employment, and wages and salaries are being everywhere reduced, and there is much declared suffering and much suffering endured in secret, few have money laid by upon which to fall back in their time of need, and fewer still know where to commence to save.

That is one secret of the hard times. Another lies with the business men who are really doing well, but not coming money fast enough to suit their rapaciousness, and so make the "times" an excuse for all sorts of injustice to those they should now be most willing to help.

The head of the family—we mean the father of the family, but thought best to explain, since "women's rights" are rather severely asserted in some home-circles, if nowhere else—daily declares that "the times are awful! awful! truly awful, sir!" He goes home and sits at the dinner with severe face. He lifts his voice in prayerful invocation over the meal—using words that he has so often used before that he says them with great solemnity while he is thinking of his day's profits; and his thoughts never rise higher than the roof of his own four-story house—and then commences in the most earthly form of mind to criticize the dinner.

"This is a fine dinner to give a man when he comes home and expects some thing nice! Potatoes and steak—sirloin steak, too, I do believe!"

"But, John," says his comestual mate, "you get a good dinner in the middle of the day." "And what if I do?" he growls, without mentioning the soup, roast turkey, five kinds of vegetables, dessert, and glass of ale, he took at one o'clock; "a man must have something to sustain him when he has to slave day after day to support a family"—his slaving consisting mostly of lolling in a cozy office-chair and chatting with customers, while wife is home sewing, and tagging about the house from breakfast-hour to dinner.

"Well, I will not get sirloin steak if you dislike it; but porter-house steak, and rib roast, beef, and poultry, and such things cost so much for a large family like ours; and you say it is such hard times!"

"Hard times! Yes, I should think so!" he says; "but we can't starve; you must retrench in other ways. Why, to-day I cut down the salaries of my porter, and entry-clerk, and bookkeeper."

"Poor fellows! they are all married, too; seems to me that was rather hard," says the wife, gently.

"Oh, you women never understand things. Banks are bursting and business-houses failing every day, and we must begin to retrench; and the clerks must not expect to get as much now as when times are good; they must learn to spend less!"

"Well," says wife, "I suppose you know best. Can you give me three dollars, John, to pay the old man who tends the furnace?"

"Three dollars! Where are the ten I gave you last week?"

"I paid seven for plain sewing, to Mrs. Jones, and one to the Pastor's Aid Society, and two to the dressmaker."

"Seven for plain sewing when you have a machine! You ought not to be paying for plain sewing these hard times."

"But, it is a real charity to give it to Mrs. Jones, for her husband has been sick and out of work for over a year, and she has her household to pay and three little children to support."

"Charity begins at home," says the business-man, sententiously. "Times are too hard to be supporting other families than one's own, and fifty cents a month, nowadays, must do for the Pastor's Aid Society, and the up-stairs girl must see to the furnace in future."

"Oh, John! Poor old Jim and his old wife would starve if he could not get furnaces to see to; besides, the servants do not think it their place to do such work."

"Then you can get new servants, and teach them to know their place. I'm not going to pay a dollar a week, in such times as these, to have the furnace fed. Here are the three dollars, and you can tell the man we don't want him any longer; and, by the way, here are twenty-five dollars to pay for the new pants and vest, and a box of cigars I ordered."

That's the style! That is what hard times means to certain men! They cut down on their church expenses, cut down on charities, take the bread out of the very mouths of the poor people who have worked for them, heartlessly turn them adrift, lessen the number of their employees and send home those they retain with the news that their salaries have been reduced twenty-five per cent, but they do not curtail a cent upon their house and personal expenses, nor deny themselves a single necessity nor luxury. Times are hard, but they keep them easy for themselves by the dastardly process of making them harder for others.

Ah, when these people come to die—if it is possible for them to send messages to their friends on earth—they will controvert with innumerable proofs the theory lately advanced by a most sensational and erratic theologian, that there is no hell! They will learn then, what they never learned on earth—the true meaning of hard times!

And while the hard times of to-day may be teaching us of the present generation a lesson in self-denial and economy that we need to know, that fact will not mitigate the retribution that will overtake those who forget, in these times, to "do justly and to love mercy."

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

"A touch of Nature makes us all akin;" that is why a good love-story is so enticing to all, for every man and woman living who have a human nature have felt the thrills, throbs and throes of "the grand passion," and recall much of their own emotional experience in the revelations of the author who writes as **CORINNE CUSHMAN** does with a masterful and cunning pen. Her new story—to commence in our next—is quite sure to lead the reader's attention captive.

THE MORAL OF "ITEMS."

Did you ever think what a deal of the drama of life may be witnessed by the perusal of a few items in the newspapers, which, if placed together, would show "high" and "low" humanity, in its relations to causes and effects?

For instance, one reads of a young millionaire who, last winter, presented his lady-love with a diamond necklace, valued at \$50,000, and sundry other gifts, of but little less value.

How would it do to put under this paragraph relating to the finding of the body of a woman frozen to death in the cold street, starved to death in a city of wealth and charity? Then may come the item of the discovery of the body of a poor betrayed girl, floating in the water of the Hudson, with scarce a friend left to claim the form that once held a pure soul and had an untarnished name. Why should not these fortune-tellers, quack doctors and medical charlatans, have their advertisements appended to this item? You cannot see what one has to do with the other, but you would, if you knew the whole story of that girl's life. You think that, for her death, at least, she has no one to blame but herself—as she was a suicide. I believe others were as much to blame in the taking off of that poor creature's life, as if they had stood behind her and pushed her into the river's bed!

Just below our eyes, we catch a few lines remarking that such a boy had left his home and run away to sea. The comment thereon seems to be, how was it possible for a son to leave the parental roof to seek so precarious a life as that of a common sailor?

The answer I can easily find in the following paragraph on another page: "Harshness with, and tyranny over children, are not of such a nature as to cause them to love home; and, if persisted in, will cause more than one youth to leave the homestead, believing that no place can be worse, and many much better, than their own homes."

Look a little further on in the paper and you may discover—for the case is a very common one nowadays, more's the shame—the embezzlement of the cashier of a bank or the confidential clerk of a large mercantile house, and our wonder is why a person with a fine salary and a good reputation should sink himself so low as to become a thief. How will this paragraph fit the above case: "Extravagance and the mania for speculation are stepping-stones to guilt. If a person would but live within his income we should hear less of crime, and the individual himself would be far happier and his conscience less troubled." But, my good friend, they will not do it. "I will have as much money as another, I will have as fine clothes and as fine horses, even if I cannot afford it. I can speculate."

And he does speculate, not with his own money, but his employer's; the speculation fails, the money cannot be returned, the clerk or cashier absconds. How much good has speculation done him, pecuniarily or morally?

"The body of poor young—", killed in a drunken brawl, was carried to the home of his parents, a home bare and meager enough; there seemed to have been something wanting to make it feel homelike, and we are told that it always had that cheerless, desolate look even before young—commenced his downward course."

"The gambling and liquor saloons are ablaze with light; they are warm and magnificently furnished—that is, those of an aristocratic (?) character. It is to the interest of the proprietors to have them so, in order to draw the custom of respectable young men."

Moral: If you want to keep your boys at home, you must make home as attractive as the places abroad, filling them with different kinds of pleasure and showing them that "home is the kingdom, and love is the king."

Surely if it is to the interest of the proprietors of the questionable places to have them as attractive as possible, in order to draw custom, is it not to the interest of all parents to have their homes as attractive, in order to keep their children there and prevent them from having a desire to seek their amusement elsewhere? Is it not a duty?

EVE LAWLESS.

In **Albert W. Alken's** new City Life story, soon to come, we have this favorite author in his "home-field." No living writer knows the city's ins and outs—its highways and byways—its good and bad people—better than he; and in **Joe Phoenix's**, the **Police Spy**, our readers are to be served with something they will all welcome—men and women readers alike.

Foolscap Papers.

After a Policy.

He was a seedy, over-ripe specimen of an Insurance dead-beat; a living personal example of a bad policy, got up on an unreformed plan. His brains wouldn't average one inch to the foot, but his sublime brass went two miles to the inch. He was full of statements, and figures, and could talk you into apoplexy in ten minutes, and then call for another victim. You couldn't shut him up any more than you could shut up a door in a new house, and when he'd begun he didn't know where to stop any more than a stranger in a strange town and the hotel burst.

The other day this agent went to call on old Fizzem, who was exasperatingly rich and tried no policy, but was good for 10,000, anyway, if he could be induced. The agent approached his domicile, grabbed the door-bell and jerked the servant-girl to the door, who ushered him into the presence of Fizzem, and the following scene ensued:

AGENT. Good-morning, Mr. F. I came to talk a little Insurance this morning, and—

FIZZEM. I have no time to spare, sir; please call another time.

AGT. Yes, time is short, that is the reason everybody should take out a pol—

F. But I am very busy, sir.

AGT. Yes, I see you are all business, and as a business man you will not fail to see that a pol—

F. You don't require any policy on your cheek, sir.

AGT. Indeed you are right, sir, but—

F. I would be glad if you would have more immediate business elsewhere, and were on the hunt of it.

AGT. I wanted you to see our new rates and—

F. I would be pleased if you would shut my front door from the outside.

AGT. Please do not get hasty, as I came to stay a short time with you only, and give you such an insight into the beauties of Life Insurance that will induce you to—

F. Sir, you will feel dreadfully put out about the second thing you know.

AGT. My dear friend, I never allow myself to be out of humor, and—

F. If you are not insured yourself then you had better evacuate these premises, or I will not be responsible for the accidents that might be incurred.

AGT. I hold an accident policy, sir, and am not alarmed; but I shall not allow myself to leave without the pleasure of enlarging on our new plans of Life In—

F. I suppose I will be in need of a policy if you remain much longer. Can you not take a hint?

AGT. Yes, I can take a hint; but if you would take a policy in our company it would be a fair exchange, and I would bear anything.

F. You can take anything you please, but only leave the house or I will be compelled to show you the direction of the door that leads to the street.

AGT. Calm yourself, sir. We are twenty

per cent. below any other company; our assets beyond others, and our li—

F. Yes, your life is beyond all others I ever heard. I have wasted too much time with you already.

AGT. Mr. Fizzem, all time wasted this way is gained. I can offer—

F. Your hat is in your hand, sir, and the sound of your receding feet would be peculiarly pleasant to my ears, at this moment.

AGT. Our new plan consists of—

F. A small bit of your absence would satisfy me more than your presence at the present moment, and if you stay here you will get my application very quick.

AGT. I, sir, am yours to command, but I cannot see how I am to leave here without taking your policy for a good sum. Think of your children and your wives.

F. Think of yourself. It seems to me that you are inclined to be impudent. My wives!

AGT. Not in the least, sir. A Life Insurance agent has never been known to be so. Modesty was the bane of our family ever since they started out.

F. Sir, if you wish to make a new start into the world you will have no better chance, and you can start now by the way of that door.

AGT. Our company is entirely new—

F. Yes, but you are getting to be old, and I prefer to hear the echo of your feet down the corridors of time, and also down my front steps.

AGT. But, Mr. Fizzem, I called upon a visit of solicitation, and beg to offer a few—

F. I beg to excuse myself for you leaving so abruptly, but the fact is, Mr. Agent, that you are untimely called away and cannot stay longer, although you are very sorry for it, and I accept all untold apologies. The front door opens from the inside in case of fire or other frantic exits, and the way is otherwise clear.

AGT. Please accept a chair, Mr. Fizzem, and be seated. I offer you the hospitalities of your house. Make yourself at home. I have abundance of leisure on my hands and am willing to lose any amount of time in convincing you that our comp—

F. Sir, your company has already become obnoxious to me, and I can get along without it. I do not desire it. You are running a risk upon which there is no insurance.

AGT. An Insurance agent never takes an insult. They are a class of humble persons who bear and forbear, and occasionally bulldoze, but they mean well, and always look to the welfare of humanity, for which they live, move and talk, and—

He was suddenly impressed with an idea that there was a hand grasping the collar of his coat, and that he was going at an Insurance rate, toward the door, with an occasional kick as if it came from the hind leg of a Keely motor, and in the struggle he fairly shed the hall full of blanks, circulars, pamphlets and other Insurance documents, and with an eighty-ton gun kick he was shot through the front door, and bumped against an old gentleman who knocked him down. He got up astonished at his own power of endurance, and left, saying that he'd call the next day.

Fizzem said: "Yes, you call here again and there will be an Insurance report and an agent missing. I'll take your life, sir, cheaper than you want to take mine."

The agent merely looked back smiling, and wished him good-day.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Launce Poynt's most charming and instructive series, "Woods and Waters," will be followed by the same characters in a new field, where the Rifle and Revolver are the weapons, and the game is the buffalo, bear, antelope, etc.—an announcement sure to please the old boys and young who have read the first series with unbounded delight.

Fourteen bushels of chestnuts were sent last autumn through the mails, in small packages, from Merrimack county, N. H., to Helena, Mon. The postage amounted to \$102.37.

Maurice Vignaux, the French billiard expert, has issued a challenge to all billiard players, including the Paris professors, offering to give any one who takes it up 300 points in 2,000.

Sir Wilfred Lawson, the temperance member of Parliament, says that a jail chaplain once told him that in his experience only one testator was ever brought before him, and that was a man who thrashed his wife for getting drunk.

The Russian soldiers wear a sort of hood called a bashnick. The fashion originates with the dwellers on the borders of the Caspian Sea, where it is worn by both men and women. The finest bashnicks are of camel's hair, and are light, soft, and warm.

There are over thirty unwedded diplomats at Washington, including the German Minister and his Secretary of Legation, the representatives of Italy, Venezuela, Belgium, Costa Rica, Turkey, Chili and the Netherlands, besides seven unmarried clerks and attaches in the Spanish Embassy, four at the British, four at the French, three at the Japanese and two each at the Russian, Austrian and Italian.

Professor J. H. Kerr, of Colorado College (at Colorado Springs), is the fortunate discoverer of some fossils of unusual size in the locality known as the Garden of the Gods, at the foot of Pike's Peak. The length of one of the animals whose remains have been found, is estimated at 117 feet. The formation is cretaceous, the bones are easily broken, and the animal figures are in part represented by casts.

Home mission work is just now actively prosecuted on the North Pacific Coast of the United States. The Baptists of Oregon are about to provide a missionary steambot to coast along Puget Sound, carrying preachers and preaching to the settlers there. The Rev. Sheldon Jackson, of the Presbyterian Church, has founded a prosperous mission at Fort Wrangel, Alaska Territory. This point of the Territory has a permanent population of 500 white people and Indians, and a transient population, sometimes numbering 1,000 or more, partly composed of miners.

Americans are learning from the Memnonites. Professor Butler writes from Nebraska to the *Chicago Times*: "Of late I have eaten a dinner cooked by grass, as well as examined straw furnaces in the houses of Bishop Peters and scores of his flock. There has been no freezing in his house (48 by 36) during the two years since it was built. Yet his only winter fuel has been straw, and his furnace—the iron work of which cost \$5—is heated only three times a day. What Nebraska had wasted now warns a thousand Muscovites. Russian fur-traders, I notice, are already set up in the houses of Yankees, who see that if their fuel shall be henceforth costly or their dwellings cold, the fable will be all their own."

Accepted: "Fortunate Shot;" "The Two Spies;" "The Don's Ward;" "The Forest Tragedy;" "The Money Maniac;" "John Loverton's Love;" "Aurora;" "Oh, Sea;" "Little Texas;" "Sleigh Ride;" "Turkey Hunt;" "Robbers' Footstep;" "Adventure with Storm;" etc.; "How Near She Came."

Declined: "The Eventful Walk;" "Fanny's Fortune;" "How Fred April Fooled His Sister;" "What is Friendship?" "Give What is Yours;" "A Winter Game;" "The Secret of the Old Barn;" "A Mustang's Love;" "How Near She Came;" "Who He Was;" "The Midnight Visitor."

GEORGE. Adverb of place, qualifying the verb strode. See your grammar.

J. J. O'c. Crop the hair short; cool the scalp daily and use the comb freely.

SANDY. Every metallic acid injures the teeth. The enamel of the teeth is *pearl*—that, anything strong will dissolve.

SALLIE R. The *score* of all the operas are published at from three to five dollars each. Any leading music-dealer will supply them.

FIREMAN. There are several manuals that will help you to study me. *Handicrafts* and the *Steam-engine*. Write to D. Van Nostrand & Co., Publishers, N. Y., for their catalogue.

OLD GRIMES. We are not familiar with the plant you indicate. The winters in all the Northern States are too cold for the tall pampas grass, save one species.

FARMER CARE. We should say if your friends treat you coldly, when others are present, it is because they, for some reason, don't want others to know of their regard for you. The proper course to pursue is not to visit there any more, until they apologize.

EVELYN. We can hardly express a choice among the sewing-machines. They are all good. It depends upon the kind of work to be done. We know of none that work better than others. Don't buy a machine and pay by "installments" for you will be charged at least one-third more for it.

PHIL HARDY. Glue will not answer for rubber soles. Red ants are best destroyed by setting plates around their haunts covered with a thin coat of flour sweetened with molasses. The ants of Fowler's solution of arsenic is a very little. Nothing so good to make you strong and healthy as good food, proper sleep and abstinence from tobacco and strong drink.

MISS E. A. N. It is the style for young ladies who ride or drive to have a ribbon tied upon their whip of the same color as that which they wear at their neck, or in their hair, or of the color that predominates about their costume. Gentlemen when driving for pleasure in a handsome carriage, also adopt this style somewhat; but we would advise its being confined to the use of the ladies.

JENNIE. The best preparation to use for putting on relief pictures, making scores, and so on, is a mixture of potter's clay, clear starch, Mix a teaspoonful of starch with as little cold water as will dissolve it, and pour upon it a few drops of cold water. Just enough to make it *very thick*. Stir the starch; when cool it is ready for use. It is clear, sweet, and does not discolor the picture like flour-paste, glue or mud.

LITTLE DORNEY. The custom of a "Christmas-tree," on Christmas eve, comes from Germany, where it was first brought into notice by St. Matreus, its first preacher of Christianity. Like other Christmas customs it is derived from the past. On the sixth and seventh days of the Roman Saturnalia the children were presented with little pine trees, hung with toys. The Christians adopted this custom, and the Buddhists their tree of votive offerings.

HENRY M. T. says: "In helping a young lady into a carriage, which has been waiting for her, if you take a young lady out to dine, or for refreshments after an evening entertainment, it is customary to offer her wine." Give the lady your left hand, and with your right arm aid her in taking the long step from the ground, and in keeping her skirts from contact with the wheels. No well-brought-up young lady would ever appear in a public place, except with father, brother or husband; and you are safer if you do not invite her to do so.

PEACHY N. The proposed new "Territory of Lincoln" will comprise the bill in Congress passed the present south-western portion of Dakota, together with a slice of Montana and Wyoming. On three sides it has natural boundaries; on the south the line of Nebraska, on the west the Big Horn divide, and on the north the Yellowstone. The eastern is arbitrary, and runs through the barren lands of the Sioux and Cheyenne. The area is 70,000 square miles, and the population, which chiefly consists of miners, is about 35,000, or four-fifths of the entire population of Dakota. A plan for the Territorial government of the northern portion of Dakota, under the name of Huron, is also to be brought forward soon. Should both succeed there will still be enough of Dakota left to make a State as large as Ohio.

GEORGE asks: "Will you please tell me what are nice subjects to write compositions about? I have to write one every week and can't think of any more subjects. Is there any one subject that you oaths have eaten the horses?" I heard some one say there was, and that it was in Shakespeare, but I don't believe it. Suppose you describe a game of Base-ball; A Holliday Dinner; or a Journey by Railroad, or Steamboat; the people you saw during a ride on a city horse-car. Dogs, their habits and needs; the life of a merchant, sailor, or soldier; the different books you have read and liked; the principal places in some town or city which you have visited, are all good subjects for compositions. There is such a quotation as "the oaths have eaten the horses," and it is to be found in Shakespeare; so you see your informant knew more of that great writer than you.

DELLA asks: "Can you tell me of any remedy for habitually cold feet? Do slippers injure the shape of the foot? Is it impolite to ask a lady visitor to play for your friends?" Habitually cold feet show that your system is not in a healthy condition. Diet yourself, and take plenty of exercise, both indoors and out. Every morning bathe your feet in a bowl of cold water, and rub them dry, very briskly, with a rough towel; also brush them harshly, if possible, with the handle of a broom. The treatment will soon cure the unpleasantness you now experience. Slippers are injurious to the feet of children, and young persons, as they allow the feet to spread, and weaken the ankle. If you wear them, it should be for very short periods, merely as a relief after heavy shoes; but never wear them when working about the house. If you are asked to request a visitor to play, but you should refuse to allow her to play often, or long at a time. Much the better way, when you expect guests who dance, is to hire some person to play for the evening.

R. S. B. writes: "I am engaged, and my lady and myself are members of a literary association, where at each meeting one member is appointed to act as critic, to criticize the pronunciation, reading, etc., of all those who take part. Not so ago I was the critic and criticised several mispronunciations made by my betrothed in reading. I saw immediately that she was displeased, and when I went to escort her home she refused to allow me, and has scarcely spoken to me since. Do you think she is treating me fairly? She told a lady friend that she would not agree to marry me, and she apologized. It does not seem to me that I have done anything for which I ought to apologize, but, as I love her, and am anxious to make up this quarrel, I

MY ROSEBUD.

BY MAY MELVILLE

A rosebud once to me was given,
To watch with tender care,
That I might see its beauty bloom,
And breathe its fragrance rare.

That rosebud, Ah, I loved it well,
So fair it seemed to me;
And when it, petals would unfold
How lovely must it be!

No gleaming sunbeams e'er should scorch
My rosy pure and frail;
No dew, no frost should blight,
Or make its brightness pale.

Thus sheltered from the sun and rain,
That rosebud withered soon;
A faded vase, a bit of earth,
Were left me of the boon.

Ah, me! The bitter tears I shed
O'er that lost bud of mine!
No more would gleam, glossy leaves,
Like tendrils, round it twine.

Could it have felt the sun's warm rays,
And sipped the misty rain,
It might have been a blooming rose:
These for it, now, were vain.

No sunny rays nor heavenly dews
Could change that rosebud's fate;
I should have known what care to give,
But, ah! I learned too late!

Too late, too late! Oh, Father dear,
Till it too late shall be,
Let us not hide Thy truth and love
From hearts we'd lead to Thee!

Oh, Father, send Thy dew and rays,
And make Thy servants wise;
And grant Thy rosebuds given us here
May bloom for Paradise!

Tatty.

BY DEANE CHESTER.

"And a little child shall lead them."

Snow underfoot, snow on all the housetops,
blackened with city dust and soot, and a chilly,
unpleasant suggestion of coming snow in the
air.

On the old city bridge, where one could see
only the black, icy river far below, and blocks
of factories and tenements on its either bank,
stood a poorly-clad woman.

From the roofs of the houses were flung out
numerous lines of ragged, dirty clothing, signals
of distress, flapping to and fro in the wintry
air, and proclaiming from the housetops the
poverty and sloth of the inmates.

But the misery of her surroundings was un-
noted by this girl. Her thoughts were far
away, and she paused every now and then with
a look of expectancy upon her face which set-
tled into one of despair as the wintry afternoon
shortened.

"Madge."

She lifted her bent head with a cry of joy.
"How very scarce one, though. Who'd 'a'
thought you'd be a-comin' from the other side?"

"I had business there, and that detained me.
I got your note."

"Could yer read it?" inquired she, eagerly,
with burning cheeks.

"Oh, yes, I could make it out," he answered,
carelessly.

Then seeing tears in the large black eyes:
"You have done well, child. I am growing
proud of my pupil."

These few kind words seemed to arouse all the
sleeping tenderness of the girl's nature. She
took one of his hands in hers and pressed her
lips to it.

A change passed over his face, an aristocratic
face where the conflicting forces of good and
evil had left their marks, and all his indecision
and listlessness seemed gone. Without resistance
on her part he took her in his arms and
kissed her again and again.

"You love me dearly, Maggie, don't you?"
You've often said so, but of late I have doubted
it. I doubted it last night when I saw that fel-
low with you."

She clung more closely to him and looked up
with the sort of dumb worship in her eyes that
one sees sometimes in the gaze of a faithful dog.
It was the untrained, devoted love of a passion-
ate, ignorant nature.

"Yer know I love yer, Ray. 'I wouldn't
mind'—biting her red lips and stamping on
foot on the frosty boards—"bein' ground into
bits if it would do you good. I mean it. I'd
kill myself any day if yer asked me to do it!"

He looked pleased, and pressed her more close-
ly to him.

"Who was the fellow and what was he say-
ing to you?"

"Oh, that was only Joe, and he was a say-
in'—"

She stopped short, and blushed violently.

"What was he saying? You must tell me,
Madge."

She was crying hysterically now.

"Oh, I can't tell yer, Ray. He lies about
you. He sez other people sez them."

"What do they say, darling? I'll make his
words choke him yet!"

"But he sez, Ray, he tells me of my good.
And then I told him he lied when he called you
names. He sez, turning quick like on me, 'Call
me a liar again, Meg, I like that,' sez he. 'He's
a foolin' yer, and yer'll live to curse him!' Then
I couldn't help a-tellin' him, Ray, though I
was afeard you'd be mad. My grit was up,
and I turned and sez jest how yer promised
to marry me some day. He laffed and
lafterd when I sez that. 'Marry yer indeed!
No, no, Meg, sich fellers never marries girls like
you. Don't listen to him, dear.'"

"He called you 'dear,' did he?" asked her
companion, quickly. "Insolent rowdy! Go
on, Madge; tell me every word, remember."

"Well, then, Ray, he asked me to be his wife.
He sez how he has always loved me since we
was so high," measuring an imaginary distance
from the ground with one prettily-shaped hand,
"and then he took on so and cried and sez how
he will kill himself if I won't have him, and I felt
so sorry."

"You're like the rest, I see," exclaimed her
lover, pushing her from him violently. "You
felt sorry for him! Oh, Madge, if you should
love him or any other man but me!"

"Love him? I hate him!" cried she, fiercely,
throwing both arms about his neck. "Oh, I
love you, only you. It will kill me if yer leave
me now! You believe me, don't yer?"

No man could have doubted such passionate
earnestness and perfect abandonment of self.

For one instant he hesitated; then this ill-
starred passion conquered his better nature.

"Listen, Maggie; I have much to tell you.
It is getting cold, darling; we will walk slowly
to your lodgings."

His next words were spoken more cautiously.
"Would you sacrifice, give up, a great deal
for me, Madge?"

"I'd give up everything," she answered, in a
low, intense tone.

"And you won't grieve, darling, for what I
can't help? I am so wretched to night, utterly
miserable, and yet I can't get along without do-
ing it."

She waited quietly for him to finish, and yet
her trembling form showed that she anticipated
his next words.

"It is all my mother's doings, Madge. I am
horribly in debt, or I wouldn't submit to it; I
am to be married soon. I know you won't be
silly enough to care if you really love me. I
must give my name and position to that plain,
cold woman, but you shall have my love always.
I swear it, Maggie!"

He paused beside her on the dark bridge and
tried to take her in his arms, but she shrank
away from him with a cry of anguish.

"Don't touch me now, Ray. I know 'tain't
yer fault, and I'm a fool to have thought yer
meant it to wait for me till I got a education.
I'll always love yer, fer somehow I can't help
it, but I'll never study no more. Tatty shall
have all my books!"

Storms of sobs drowned her words.

"And what are you going to do, Maggie?" in-
quired he, with vague alarm.

"Me? What does that matter? I'll drown
myself most likely. I've nothing to live for no
more."

"Drown yourself! If you will only listen to
reason you will live, live to be happy. If you
were my wife I should soon grow to hate you.
Now I shall love you forever."

A dark form shuffled past them now, and a
voice said:

"Is that you, Meg?"

She turned her face with a guilty start.

"Yes, Joe, it's me."

"Well, I must be going," said her companion.
Then in a whisper:

"Remember, to-morrow at the same hour, to
meet me here. Promise."

His gripe on her arm was painful.

She promised in a faint, choked voice.

Joe waited a moment after he had left them
and then said, kindly:

"It's too cold for yer here, Meg. Let's be a-
movin' on. Tatty's been a-worritin' fur yer."

The stubborn look of defiance faded from her
face and tears fell fast from her eyes in the dark-
ness.

"What was she a-worritin' fur, Joe?"

"About you, Meg. That child is like a grown
woman. She told me how you cried o' nights,
and then she cried too a-layin' in her little bed
as white as a sheet and as patient as a lamb, and
sez she, a-startin' up, 'Save her, Joe! She's a-
comin' over the bridge from the factory. Don't
wait, sez she, 'but go and save her, and so to
peaceify her I come.'"

Meg never said a word to this, but quickened
her footsteps as they passed into a narrow, mis-
erable street. Joe followed, well pleased at his
companion's docility. They passed through a
small door, ascended flight upon flight of stairs
and entered a dark, poor room.

A number of candles were lighted about a
small bed, and there, in the midst of the halo,
lay a little figure so still and white that Maggie
cried out with nervous horror.

The child opened her eyes.

"Oh, Maggie, dear, is that you? I was afeard
when it got so late, darlint."

Maggie wiped her eyes with a corner of her
oldshawl.

"Oh, Tatty, dear, it's wrong to be worritin'
jest because I'm a few minutes late. Who made
it so fine with all the candles?"

"Joe," said Tatty, joyfully, clapping her lit-
tle thin hands. "I dreamed of you, and I was
best all lighted with candles and it was Christ-
mas and the candles was so bright they lit way
out in the street across the dark bridge and I
wasn't afeard no longer, Meg, for they made
the way so bright, and you stood on the bridge
with Joe, dear, lookin' lovely, and you was
all dressed in white as if you was a bride with
white flowers on your hair and—"

"What nonsense you be a-talkin', Tatty," in-
terrupted Meg, in some confusion.

Well, I telled Joe this mornin' and he was
so glad he took me in his arms and kissed me,
and sez he: 'Blessed lamb! she shall have the
candles the way she dreamed, so here they be,
Meg, around my bed, and I'm to have lots more
for Christmas.'"

Tatty coughed violently and pressed one little
thin hand to her forehead.

"Meg, will yer read to me a bit?" she asked,
after the pain had lessened.

Meg took a little worn book from her hand.

"Oh, it's the Bible, Tatty. I can't spell out
the blessed words to-night, 'letting it fall from
her hot hand, 'I feel too wicked, darlint.'"

And then Meg broke down, and in Tatty's
arms told her as much of her grief as the child
could understand.

"He's a wicked man, Meggie, and I don't be-
lieve God likes yer to love him so. Don't see
him to-morrow. Come home to me. I can't be
wid yer many days now."

"Oh, my darling," cried Meg, kissing her
fiercely, "don't say that. You get stronger
and stronger every day!"

Tatty shook her head.

"Let us pray, Meggie. We will pray, over
and over about 'Lead us not into temptation
but deliver us from evil; don't you remember,
Meg, we sez 'em together at the Mission?'"

Meg knelt down and they prayed together.
She, a heavenly Father would keep this poor
girl from sin, in answer to that prayer, even
though her passionate heart should rebel again
and again and madly urge her to destruction.

Tatty's eyes closed peacefully after that and
she sunk into a quiet sleep.

But the next morning she was worse, and
Joe, at Meg's request, went over to the factory
and gained for her a day's absence. He came
in every hour himself from his neighboring shop,
and although Tatty spoke but little during the
long hours, she lay clasping both of Meg's hands
in hers, and every now and then her lips would
move as if in prayer.

As it grew darker she drew Joe toward her.

"I'll never see Christmas. Light the candles
now, Joe."

So Joe put up all the candles about the bed
and also a bright vision of a Christ-child which
Meg had made out of a shop doll—all white and
gold.

The poor child gazed ecstatically at this, and
smiled as the candles began to burn and
flicker. Her lips moved again and Meg bent to
listen.

"Deliver us from evil," I have prayed it all
day, Meggie. God won't let yer be wicked,
darlint. Poor Joe. Promise yer'll be good to
him, Meggie. Love him in my place, won't
yer?"

The little eager hands clasped themselves
around her neck, and Meg bent to receive her
dying kiss.

Christmas afternoon they took poor Tatty to
her last home.

Joe and Meg were the only mourners. Meg
left Joe at the shop, and then hurried across the
bridge toward her home, so desolate now that
she sobbed afresh at the thought of it.

A figure started out to meet her, as she near-
ed the other side of the river.

"How dared you fool me so, Madge? I have
been wild with fears. I thought you had grown
afraid—that, like other women, all your love
was mere talk when you found everything
wasn't fair sailing," then, with a rapid change
to passionate tenderness:

"Oh, my darling, how I have longed for
you."

Meg had turned deathly pale. Passionate
love and desperate resistance wrestled in her
heart. At one moment she had almost yielded
to the tender eyes, outstretched arms and lov-
er's tones, so irresistibly sweet; then Tatty's
face, white and beseeching, came between them
—an impassable shadow, invisible to him, yet
powerful enough to wrest this girl from his influ-
ence forever.

Without one word she turned from him, and
passed, with flying feet, back over the bridge
into Joe's workshop.

"Joe," said she, panting and breathless, "do
yer love me as yer once did, Joe?"

"Please God, Meg, I will keep yer safe—safe
and happy, too, if I can make yer life so."

"Well," said Meg, after they had been quiet
for a few moments, "I feel so peaceful like as if
I had been a-fightin' a hard battle, and now
was at rest. How tired I've been, though! Tat-
ty's prayer was answered to-night, Joe."

And this was Tatty's last Christmas gift to
those she loved so well.

The Rev. Phillips Brooks says that a back-
wardman, on hearing Bishop Mead, of the
Protestant Episcopal Church, preach a sermon
in a frontier church without a manuscript, said:
"He is the first of them fine fellows that I have
ever seen who could shoot without a rest."

WHAT IF LIFE IS DREARY?

BY OCTOBER JAMES.

Well, what if life is dreary,
And we hear a heavy load?
Why not sing songs that are cheery,
To help us on the road?

Time flies, and soon our troubles,
Like all earthly things, must cease.
Then why fret away at bub'les,
Which may burst, and end in peace?

What if trials oft assail us?
As we know, of course, they will;
If our strength does never fail us
We can climb the hardest hill.

Then what if life is dreary,
And we hear a heavy load?
Let us sing songs that are cheery,
To help us on the road.

Wife or Widow?

OR,

ETHELIND ERLE'S ENEMY.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

AUTHOR OF "A GIRL'S HEART," "A DANGEROUS WOMAN," "THE WRONGED HEIRESS," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

THE STRANGE LADY.

"By day or night, in weal or woe;
This heart, no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show,
And silent ache for thee." —BYRON.

SPRINGING past him, Ethelind rushed wildly
along the beach, and climbed the steep bank
beyond. With her white, working face,
and eyes strained in dead fright, she looked like a
poor, lost, terror-stricken soul fleeing from the
voice of doom.

Raymond did not attempt to follow. He
stood, wholly impassive, looking after her re-
treating figure until it was lost to sight; then a
heavy sigh broke from him.

"Poor Ethelind! I really pity the girl. But
I cannot give her up. My love and my neces-
sity alike forbid. The dower she will bring is
sufficient to save me from financial ruin, and her
sweetness, purity and goodness will be the
means, perhaps, of saving my erring soul from
hell!"

Biting his lips, and knitting his brows, he ad-
ded, in a changed voice:

"I can't stave off those rascally Jews much
longer. They are getting more importunate
every day. Unless the marriage is hurried for-
ward with all possible dispatch, I am a ruined
man."

His handsome brows were deeply corrugated,
and he stood grinding his boot-heel into the
yielding sand, as if, even in this trifling action,
he were pouring out his soul for the intense emotions
boiling within his soul.

A sudden peal of thunder aroused him.
Looking up, he saw that the tempest was al-
ready marshaling its forces. The jagged clouds
had piled themselves together until one vast,
inky blackness, covered the western
heaven.

At the same instant he observed a woman's
figure gliding along the sand, at some distance,
with a slow, majestic tread. The figure held
his attention by a strange sort of magnetism.

It was draped in black from head to foot, but its
graceful poise and easy movements, even as
seen through the intervening space, excited his
curiosity and admiration.

"I wonder who she can be," he muttered.

"That black-draped lady is the
new proprietor of Lorn?"

Of course the gossip and marvelous stories
still current concerning Mrs. Faunce, had reached
Raymond Challoner's ears as well as those of
other people; and had he been less deeply ab-
sorbed in his own affairs, at this particular
period, he would have given them some share of
attention, long ere this.

Singularly enough, that mysterious figure, the
instant his gaze rested upon it, caused a strange
commotion in his heart. He felt drawn forward
by an impulse over which he had no control.

There was an unaccountable creeping sensation
in his veins.

"I must know more of that lady," he muttered.

"Somehow I feel deeply reluctant to permit
her to pass from my sight."

But the next moment, her resistance, to the
spell that was on him, he hurried after the
woman, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her
turn into an unfrequented path that led through
a grove; for by this route the grounds of Lorn
could be reached.

"That's right," he thought. "The lady is cer-
tainly Mrs. Faunce. She is closely veiled, and I
am told that the new mistress of Lorn always
goes abroad with her face shrouded."

Still keeping some distance behind that black,
gliding figure, he followed on stealthily to a
thicket of acacias, not more than a dozen yards
from the house, and concealing himself therein,
saw Mrs. Faunce climb the terrace steps to a low
French window that stood open, and disappear
between the curtains of creamy lace that were
piled up to the eaves.

Baffled and perplexed, Raymond stood per-
fectly still for some moments.

"I would give my right hand for a good
excuse to invade that mysterious abode," he
muttered, peering curiously through the parted
branches of the acacias.

Three minutes later the desire of his heart
was gratified. There came a blinding flash, and
a long, loud, deafening roar of thunder, and sud-
denly the rain began to pour in torrents, as if
the flood-gates of heaven had been opened.

"That's right," cried the young man, ex-
ultantly. "The way is opened by Providence.
If I were a dog, Mrs. Faunce could not refuse to
shelter me from this storm."

Emerging from the shelter of the acacia trees,
he ran across the lawn, and dashed through the
French window where he had seen the lady
herself disappear.

The raging tempest would, he hoped, be ac-
cepted as a sufficient apology for this act of rudeness.

Mrs. Faunce stood near the center of the
apartment, her shapely fingers busy with the
fastenings of the veil that muffled her face.

Startled by the noise of his abrupt entrance,
she turned quickly. For some seconds she
stood motionless as a figure carved in stone.

Then, receding from him, step by step, a long,
loud, blood-curdling scream broke from her
lips.

"Hush!" said Raymond, eagerly. "There is
no occasion for alarm. Oh, pray dismiss your
fears."

But Mrs. Faunce only shrieked the louder,
and beat her hands before her as if beating him
off.

"Listen to me, madam. I am neither a thief
nor a cutthroat. I treat you to compose
yourself."

She continued to retreat until her limbs tot-
tered under her, and, faint with excess of emo-
tion, she sunk down on a chair, groaning aloud.

Raymond could not feel surprised at the
keenness of her terror. There was something
unnatural in it; and as he fixed his eyes on the
lady's figure, that seemed to shrink and cower
beneath that intent gaze, the old creeping sen-
sation he had experienced once before, came
back, he knew not why.

"Permit me to offer an explanation," he
said. "Surely you can control yourself long
enough for that."

Mrs. Faunce fell back in her chair, and cried,
in a hoarse, husky whisper:

"Go, go! Leave me!"

"One moment, madam. I must, at least,
make an apology for this intrusion."

He was slowly advancing, but she screamed
again, and with a shudder of repulsion, waved
him away.

"Begone!"

"Madam is unreasonable. I have already
given you assurance that I am here with pacific

purposes only. The sudden tempest induced
me to seek the shelter of your roof. My name
is Raymond Challoner, and I am stopping at
Glenoaks, the guest of Colonel Falkner."

Another tremor shook her, but she drew a
deep breath, as of relief.

"Go!" she faintly gasped.

"Would you send me out into the pelting
storm?"

"You must not remain here. Only leave
me."

Her voice still sounded hoarse and strained,
but when she uttered these last words Raymond
detected a ring in it that caused his eyes to di-
late, and glued his feet to the floor in a sort of
sickening terror.

"Who—what—speaks?" he stammered.

Before she could reply, if such had been her
purpose, the room door abruptly opened, and
Joan Withers entered hurriedly.

Seeing a stranger standing in her mistress's
presence, the faithful old woman confronted
him with a smothered exclamation of surprise,
and a cry of anger.

"Who are you?" she demanded. "What are
you doing here?"

Raymond drew himself up haughtily.

"You glare at me as if I were a criminal. But
I have been guilty of nothing worse than to
seek shelter from the storm."

"Go away," said Joan, grimly. "This is my
lady's private sitting-room. You cannot re-
main here."

A suppressed cry now attracted the servant's
attention to her mistress. Mrs. Faunce had
crushed her veil over her face with both hands,
and was faintly panting.

"Quick, Joan, quick! Raise me up. I—I—
am stifling."

The old woman flung her arms round her,
and drew the trembling form to her bosom.

"This is your work," she said, darting an
angry glance at Raymond.

Half-leading, half-dragging poor Mrs. Faunce,
Joan succeeded in getting her into the next
room, the sleeping apartment. Raymond
would willingly have lent his assistance, but
the servant disdainfully struck down his offered
hand.

"Don't you dare lay so much as a finger on
my mistress," she hissed.

The young man bent an odd look like a
gasp and a sob, and the door was slammed in
his face, and fastened on the other side.

For some ten or fifteen minutes afterward
there was a silence as of death. Raymond stood
with hushed breathing, uncertain what had hap-
pened, whether Mrs. Faunce had swooned, or
was dead, or had fallen in a fit. A feeling of
awe stole over him. He even forgot to wonder
what familiar chord had been struck by the
tones that, for a moment, stirred him so deeply
and so powerfully. He could only think of
the terrible catastrophe that had befallen.

At length a faint, rustling noise reached his
ears, and, unable longer to endure the suspense,
he knocked softly on the door. After some mo-
ments it was opened by Joan.

"What do you want?" she sharply demanded.

"Your mistress—tell me of her—is she bet-
ter?"

"Yes. She has come out of her swoon, and
will soon be able to sit up."

"Heaven be praised!"

The joy and relief, Raymond attempted to
push Joan aside, and step into the room. But
the woman stubbornly resisted him. He caught
an indistinct glimpse of a figure lying on the
couch—saw some dark object, probably a veil,
drawn up quickly, as if to shield Mrs. Faunce's
features from his gaze, and that was all. Her
face itself was beyond his line of vision.

"May I not speak to your mistress?" he said,
wistfully.

Joan sullenly waved him away.

"Impossible!"

"Only a word," he pleaded. "I wish to as-
sure Mrs. Faunce how deeply I deplore my share
in this occurrence."

"She is in no condition to receive your apolo-
gies."

"Then I will simply kiss her hand."

"You are an impudent fellow," Joan an-
swered, looking daggers at him, and drawing the
door against her back, as she stood in the thresh-
old, nearly shutting it. "You have done mis-
chief enough for once. Go away. The rain is
over—yet no longer have any excuse for re-
maining."

Glancing from the window, Raymond saw
that she had spoken truly. The clouds were
breaking up in piles of softest fleece, behind
which smiling streaks of azure were already to
be seen. Reluctantly, and with many a back-
ward glance, he left the house.

"Why did that woman impress me so strange-
ly?" he muttered to himself, as he wended his
way through the dripping shrubbery. "Ugh!
I'm all a-shiver! It was like meeting a demon
of another world. If I could see her face, per-
haps the mystery would be explained. What
can be her motive in concealing it from every-
body, as she does?"

CHAPTER XIII.

TWO LETTERS.

"He will dare all and bear all
And let no drop fall
He will pluck and strive
A fortune to give." —SCHILLER.

DINGLE DELL, the pleasant and fertile estate
of the Challoners, was situated about twenty
miles inland, near the suburbs of a large man-
ufacturing village called Grafton.

The mansion itself was a modern edifice of
red sandstone, with imposing balconies and
verandas, and round towers that crowned every
available angle. The windows were large, and
those on the lower floor opened to the ground,
giving to the house a cheerful, hospitable aspect
that was pleasing in the extreme.

The mansion had been built by Mr. Egbert
Challoner himself, while comparatively a young
man. Here he had brought his bride, and from
these spacious halls had he buried her. The
poor lady, in dying, left two children, a son and
a daughter, to the care of her beloved husband
—pledges of their mutual affection.

"And he has written to you?"
 "Yes."
 "Dreadful!" ejaculated Aunt Jerry.
 "When did you receive the letter from the scoundrel?" demanded Mr. Challoner.
 "Yesterday."
 "Oh, you viper! Where is the letter? Give it to me instantly!"
 "I can not," was the low reply.
 "Can not? Can't you, I'd like to know! Hand it over, miss!"
 "I have destroyed it."
 The exasperated old man gave a snort of dismay.
 "Oh, you expected to be found out, did you, miss, and that way to secure yourself? I never heard of such misdoings, such duplicity."
 "Never!" echoed Aunt Jerry, who always made it a point to agree with Mr. Challoner.
 "You may tell me the purport of that letter, miss."

This demand caused Dolores to start up suddenly, and recede toward the door, her hands clasped tightly together again, her cheeks pallid with fear. The letter had really made an appointment for a meeting to take place that very evening, and was couched in such language that the poor girl had not dared disregard it.
 "Do not ask me," she implored, "I can not tell you. Indeed I can not."

"Do you mean to say that you will not?"
 Dolores was silent.
 "I am not to be trifled with," stormed the angry man. "You've tried me once too often. Follow, if you dare, the footsteps of your misguided mother! I'll cut you off with a shilling! I'll drive you out of the door! I'll leave you to slave or rot in the poor-house! That's what I'll do!"

"And you will be serving her right," put in Aunt Jerry.
 Poor Dolores answered nothing. She continued to recede toward the door, a pale look of pleading on her face; and suddenly, with a half-suppressed shriek of anguish, as if the scene had grown insupportable, rushed out.
 Mr. Challoner sat down, gasping for breath. He felt deeply, terribly in earnest. He had been unsuspectingly to think that his beautiful grand-daughter, of whom he had been so proud, had set her affections upon one so unworthy, as he deemed Vincent Erie.

"It shall never be," he cried; "Dolores shall not throw herself away. One disgrace of that sort is enough in a family."
 To hide his agitation, he now took up the second letter, which had been lying neglected on the salver, and tore it open. Instead of pacifying him, however, this mischievous throw into a greater rage, if possible, than the first.

It was from a Jew broker of New York, who wrote to demand immediate payment of a debt of three thousand dollars which, the writer claimed, Mr. Challoner's grandson, Raymond, had contracted.
 The old gentleman could scarcely believe the evidence of his eyes. He rubbed them, looked again, and at last the storm broke out. If Raymond had been borrowing money of those rascally Jews, he might get clear of their clutches as best he could. Three thousand dollars! How, in the name of all that is wonderful, had the rascal managed to squander such a sum!
 "He shall reap as he has sown," roared the choleric old gentleman. "I'll disinherit both him and Dolores. And may I be shot if I ever so long as I live, take another ungrateful brat to bring up."

CHAPTER XIV.

GROUPING IN THE DARK.

"Oh, treacherous night! Thou lend'st thy ready veil to every treason. And teeming mischiefs thrive beneath its shade!"
 HILL'S ZARA.

THE day had been dark and lowering, and night, as it closed in, brought no change in the weather. The rain fell in copious showers, slackening ever and anon, only to rally its wasted powers for a second deluge.

Aunt Jerry's room was in the same wing with the chamber occupied by Dolores. The amiable spinster retired about ten o'clock, and had fallen into what she termed her "beauty sleep" when the rattling of gravel against the window of the adjoining room rudely awakened her.

She started upright, giving her night-cap a vicious twitch.
 "La, bless me! What's that?" was her mental ejaculation.

The sound came again—unmistakably the rattling of gravel as it struck in-sharp contact with the glass. Immediately afterward there was a rustling in Dolores's room, and Aunt Jerry heard the door softly open and close, and stealthy footsteps gliding down the corridor.

Thought is quick, and the spinster's suspicions took a definite turn instantly.
 "I see, I see!" she muttered, nodding her head. "It's that audacious girl stealing out to meet her lover. Oh, how can she be so forward! But it is my duty to put a stop to this sort of thing, and I'll do it, too."

Springing out of bed, Aunt Jerry hastily thrust her feet into the slippers that stood primly side by side, next to the wall. Then she threw on a flannel petticoat, and drew a shawl round her shoulders.

It was of no use trying to make a grand toilet, if Dolores was to be caught, she decided. The girl would get completely beyond her reach.
 She went stalking down-stairs, and was just in time to catch a glimpse of a white-robed figure as it flitted through the low window at the end of the hall, and turned into a path leading to a small pavilion at some distance from the house.

"Oh, that's where Dolores meets that precious scamp, is it?" breathed the shocked spinster. "They imagine themselves perfectly safe in the pavilion, I suppose. How scandalous! My dear Egbert must be told of this, that he may exert his authority to prevent such audacious proceedings in future."

Aunt Jerry quite lost sight of her peculiar costume in the sudden zeal she felt to put Mr. Challoner on the track of the culprits. Proceeding to his room, which was on the ground floor, she knocked long and loudly.

"Who's there?" said a gruff voice, at length.
 "It's me—Jerusha."
 "What do you want?"
 "Come right out," said Aunt Jerry, in an eager voice. "Dolores is in the garden, with that scamp! I saw her steal forth to meet him not five minutes ago."

"Meet whom?"
 "Vincent Erie!"
 Mr. Challoner was out of bed in an instant, and at the door, his yellow night-cap quite noticeable as he thrust out his head; for a dim light was always kept burning in this corridor. Aunt Jerry was reminded all at once of her own head-gear, and, snatching it off, threw it behind her, at the same time giving her false front a twitch into its proper place.

"Where do you say the idiots are?" Mr. Challoner demanded, hoarse with excitement.
 "In the pavilion."

"Wait a minute. We will go down and surprise them. Oh, the villain! the abominable villain! I'll have him arrested for trespass! I'll put a bullet through his heart. I'll—I'll—"

Unable, for very rage, to utter another word, the choleric old man shut the door, and proceeded to dress himself with all possible dispatch. In three minutes' time he was ready to join Aunt Jerry in the corridor.

"Come," he said, his tone not loud, but deep, as he dropped one hand firmly on the spinster's arm. "They crept silently through the window. The rain had ceased for a moment, but the night was dark—so dark that objects could not be distinguished at the distance of half a dozen yards. The damp wind blew in their faces, and every tree, shrub and blade of grass was dripping with moisture; indeed the very ground seemed soaked and overflowing with it."

They had not proceeded far before Aunt Jerry's flannel petticoat began flapping against her heels in a manner not altogether pleasant. For, as it seemed to have gathered up every particle of

moisture from the path along which they had come. Suddenly she uttered a half-suppressed scream, and stood stock-still.

"What's the matter?" Mr. Challoner impatiently demanded.
 "I've lost one of my slippers."
 "Lost it?"
 "Yes. It is stuck fast in the mud."

"Never mind. You had better come on. It's of no use searching for the slipper in this infernal gloom."

They proceeded. They were not a dozen steps further on the way, however, when a second cry issued from Aunt Jerry's lips.
 "Mercy on me! There goes the other."

"Hang it all," cried the exasperated old man, "why can't you wear slippers that fit your feet, or else stuff 'em with cotton? We can't be wasting time here."

Poor Aunt Jerry might have told him that the slippers were all right, only she hadn't taken time to draw on her stockings, before putting them on; but it seemed scarcely modest to enter into an explanation of that nature, and she remained silent again, and Aunt Jerry's feet

"Beneath her petticoat, Like little mice, peeped in and out" as they went stumbling and plunging along the uneven ground—for somehow they had wandered from the path, and could not find it again.

Once they plunged into a thorn-bush, and it took some minutes to extricate themselves. Mr. Challoner uttered anathemas, and the poor spinster, as she rubbed her smarting feet, heartily wished herself back in her own room, and the offending Dolores in Africa! Their trials were by no means over. Aunt Jerry had stepped a few paces in advance of her companion, and was hurrying on more rapidly than at any previous time, when suddenly the solid ground seemed to give way under her feet, and she fell down, down, plunging up to her knees in an accumulated mass of mud and water.

"Mercy on me!" she gasped. "I might as well knock my brains out and done with it."
 "It would take precious little knocking to do that."

"Oh, ugh!" shivered the wretched lady.
 "What have I tumbled into now?"
 "It must be the pit I ordered Sambo to dig that some of the refuse might be buried in it."

"Oh dear, oh dear! I wish I had never come."
 "Don't be a fool!" snapped Mr. Challoner. "Here, give me your hand, and I'll help you out."

This was easier said than done; but after a deal of pulling, scrambling and splashing, Aunt Jerry stood on her feet again, and the spinster's fortune it is too dark for anybody to see the dreadful plight I'm in," thought the poor lady, only too vividly conscious of her mud-incased feet and dripping garments.

At this moment a few pattering drops of rain gave warning of another shower. Mr. Challoner became desperate. Grasping Aunt Jerry's hand, he pushed his way recklessly through the shrubbery and reached the pavilion steps at length, quite out of breath, and blowing like a popgun.

The rain was pouring in torrents when the disconsolate couple dashed into the friendly shelter thus afforded. Shaking the water from his garments, Mr. Challoner looked round the dusky little room, and began to swear. Not a living soul save themselves was in the place, or had been, so far as he could discover!

"Idiot! how dared you bring me here, on a tempestuous errand, like this?" he yelled, turning upon Aunt Jerry and shaking her till her false teeth rattled. "Oh, you'll be the death of me."

"Ah!—ugh!—oh!" groaned the thoroughly-disgusted spinster. "I know they are somewhere in the grounds. We've come to the wrong place, that's all."

"And I should think it was enough,"
 Fuming, fretful, fierce and furious, Mr. Challoner paced the floor of the pavilion, while poor Aunt Jerry crouched in one corner, her teeth chattering with cold and misery. It was bad enough, of itself, to be caught in such a plight, but "dear Egbert's" reproaches seemed the unkindest cut of all.

The rain lasted but a short time; Mr. Challoner and Aunt Jerry emerged from the pavilion as soon as it was over, and slowly and solemnly wended their way back to the house. Two dusky figures stood in the shadow of the veranda; and they separated hastily at the sound of footsteps, one of them darting into the gloomy recesses of the garden, the other vanishing through the open window.

Mr. Challoner swore, and Aunt Jerry groaned in spirit. But they were too wet, chilled and miserable for any action more decisive, and the culprits escaped.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 408.)

The King's Dwarf.

BY C. D. CLARK.

JUST without the walls of Camelot, upon a little patch of green, Modred, brother of the king, was pacing up and down in angry mood.

No two natures could be more in contrast than those of Arthur and Modred. One frank, fair and noble, the other, full of dark projects, selfish and crafty. Deep in his heart's core lurked a deadly hate of his kingly brother, because he was noble, good and true, and had not a thought of selfishness. He hated all things good and true, and most of all he hated Lancelot, the knight of knight-hood, the man whose heart did not know the name of fear; and who all loved Lancelot, and few they were who did not, were the enemies of Modred.

The prince was clothed in green, just as he had come from the chase. Indeed, no other shapen would have shown so readily his misshapen shoulder; for, like to King Richard Third, in after days, Modred was slightly deformed. It was this which made him waspish and cruel. It was the king's dwarf, Dagobert, who, at his deformity, and the evil smile upon his face deepened as he shrugged the deformed shoulder. As he stood there, he heard a rustle of leaves, and a short sturdy form came past an angle of the wall, advancing rapidly toward him. A queer form it was, the body of a man, the head of a lawyer, and the lower limbs of a child. The height of the manikin could not have been more than three feet, and at least two-thirds of the height was in the body, head and neck. It was the king's dwarf, Dagobert, a man known far and near for his guile and saws, a rare jester. For, if his body lacked in grace, at least he had brains.

"Ha, dwarf," said Modred, angrily; "do you come to spy upon me?"

"Not I, worthy brother," was the reply. "I go on my own business. Fair prince, you and I are brothers in one thing at least—we have brains, and brains are at a discount in this mad world of ours."

"Go your way, knave!" was the retort. "I know thee for what thou art, thou misformed lump."

Dagobert, annoyed by the thrust at his deformity, replied, sharply:
 "Faith, good prince, the hand which bestows knight-hood upon thee was somewhat of the heavy; it has driven thy shoulder out of place."

The prince replied by a buffet which sent the dwarf rolling on the sod. He rose laughing, but there was a peculiar gleam in his eyes which showed that he would not forget.

"This a striking argument, prince," he said. "Well, well, I shall remember it, in the time to come."

He turned upon his heel and plunged into a little thicket which bordered the plain, and was lost to sight. Scarcely was he gone when a lady, in hunting green came sweeping toward the city, guiding her palfrey with a skillful hand; a woman gloriously beautiful, but the beauty of her lost. Her golden hair, rolling to the saddle, shrouded her body like a mantle. Her complexion was dazzling in its purity, and the thin lips, just parted by her breath, showed teeth of pearls, which only the Lady of the Lake, second only to Merlin in magic power, and the only woman upon earth who could sway that wise man to her will.

"Lady Viviane!" cried Modred, laying his hand upon her bridle. "Stay! I have something for your ear."

"Not for mine, prince," she returned, laughing. "Thy looks have been lately bent on none save Elaine."

"An' if it be so, fair lady, what care you? Is not the maid a strolchin' in your path? Would it not please you if she were away, that you might try your power once more upon the stubborn heart of Lancelot? See, I am magician enough to know this much, that, while you love Merlin with your head, you love Lancelot with your heart."

"Let us say so," responded Viviane, a deep flush coming into her cheek. "What of that, Sir Modred?"

"Help me, and I will help you. Give me Elaine, whom I adore, and I will do my best to bend Lancelot to your will."

"If I cannot win by my own strength I do not care to win. But her face irks me, Modred. When I look at her and see her slowly dying for the love of Lancelot, it seems to me it would be grace to give her to one who would hold her by the strong hand. I will aid you to seize her, and once in your strong castle in the North it will go hard but you can bend her to your will. Hark you; have you men near at hand whom you can trust?"

"Yes."

"Get them quickly, and go up the river to the house of Erle, the swineherd. There you will find her, for she wears of the ride home, and asked permission to rest there. Seize her and make away with her, and never let me hear the name of this piece of prudery again except she be your wife. Where are your men?"

"At my palace; I will get them in a short space. Half an hour later Elaine must be in their hands, and on her way to the North, for I must not appear in this."

He turned and walked rapidly by her side, and entered the city. Half an hour later a party of men rode out at a rapid pace and took the road up the stream. Outside the cottage of Erle, the swineherd, upon a rustic bench, sat the beautiful Elaine, brooding, as it were, upon her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For the brave knight, knowing that he could not give her his love, thought to wake her pride by giving her scorn, but even this had failed of its design. Knowing that he was far beyond the arms of heaven, because his great heart could know but a single love, she still loved on, though without hope.

The sudden beat of horses' hoofs was heard, and she looked up. Down the river, a few hundred yards, she saw a party of ten men, bearing the pennon of Modred, and her eyes were again cast down, when she heard a voice calling her name, and saw a boat upon the river, shooting toward the shore. In the boat was Dagobert, pulling with all the strength of his arms, and calling on her name.

"To me, Lady Elaine!" he cried. "The men of Modred come to seize you. Fly to the boat!"

She knew and dreaded Modred, and as she heard the call she started up and ran swiftly to the boat. Elaine never knew that she had the men-at-arms spurred on rapidly, while the water foamed under the prow of Dagobert's boat as he pushed her toward the shore. The bow touched the bank and she sprang in, and instantly the dwarf pushed off.

Never to this time, had Elaine dreamed that such power lay in the arms of Dagobert. The boat leaped under the strokes of his powerful arms, and his beautiful eyes, for Dagobert was handsome, blazed as the boat sped on.

"I thank you," said the leaping horseman, as he saw the prey escaping. "Thou wilt do, bring back the maiden."

"E'vil be the hour when I turn back!" answered Dagobert. "May my hand wither in the day when I betray her to thy serpent grasp, Prince Modred. For I know thee; I know thee, despite thy disguise."

"A boat there—ho!" cried Modred, leaping from the saddle. "Have I periled all upon this cast to be beaten in the end by an apish dwarf?"

A boat there, and chase!"

Upon the bank of the stream, not far from the swineherd's cottage, a barge was hauled up and tied. The men ran to launch it, and it was quickly in the water, hurrying down the stream after the boat of Dagobert. The brave dwarf never turned his head to look at Elaine, who sat mute and pale in the stern of the light craft, watching with eager gaze the chances of the chase. She knew how a long chase must end, with four men at the oars against one, but she was so long that long by the stream, and the boat seemed to fly, fairly lit from the water by Dagobert's vigorous strokes.

"They shall win me ere they wear me, fair lady," cried Dagobert, through his set teeth. "I wonder, if I may say so, that the king's dwarf hath not at least a man's heart in his bosom. They gain, I think, but I shall give them work."

He worked hard—desperately. Great drops of sweat stood upon his forehead. He strained every nerve, and for a short space the barge seemed to gain the lead. The strength of eight arms began to tell, and the barge crept up foot by foot.

In the bow of the pursuing barge knelt Modred, with his long cross-bow resting on his knee. His savage face lighted up as he saw the distance between the two boats grow less and less. But the towers of Camelot were now in sight, perhaps three or four miles away, and at any moment some party of knights, returning to the city, might pass along the stream.

"Dagobert!" he cried. "I will give thee one chance to save thy life. Drop thy oars or die."

Dagobert only answered by renewed efforts, and Modred fitted a bolt in the cross-bow and slowly raised it. Only Dagobert saw this, for Elaine had not turned her head.

"Drop down into the boat, fair lady," cried Dagobert. "You risk a shot where you sit."

Then Elaine turned her head and saw Modred taking steady aim with the cross-bow, and with which he was a fatal marksman, at the broad breast of Dagobert. Instead of governing the escape the bolt, she rose in the stern, and half-kneeling covered the body of the dwarf with her own.

"Out of the way!" cried Modred, half-lowering the cross-bow, out of the way or I shoot."

I fear not the bolt, Prince Modred," was the reply. "It is but a single pang, and all the troubles and trials of this weary life are over."

A serpent-like hiss came from the lips of Modred, and the cross-bow came to his shoulder. Just then the boat of Dagobert struck a floating log, and the sudden shock threw Elaine across the thwart behind her. Before she could rise again the twang of the cross-bow was heard, and Dagobert, shot through the left breast, dropped his oars again, fell backward in the boat.

"Bend to your oars, my men," cried Modred. "We have her now."

But, to their utter surprise, the dwarf was seen to rise from the thwart, all bloody as he was, seize the oars, and urge the boat toward the bank. He did not mind the slope, and the gallant company of knights and nobles, King Arthur and Lancelot among them, returning from the chase, Modred saw that all hope was over, and turning their barge they crossed the stream, and landing, were quickly lost to sight in the thick forest beyond the stream. And when King Arthur came, riding before the rest, he found the pale Elaine seated on a grassy slope, with the head of the dying dwarf resting in her lap. He raised his head feebly.

"I saved her," said Dagobert, the jester. She will rear my monument."

It was his last word, and with many noble faces looking sadly down upon him, the brave soul, framed in so rude a casket, passed away. And when they buried him, the court followed, mourning, and Camelot had rarely seen a funeral so great.

And Elaine built his monument, and on the stone the sculptor carved the record of the deed he did, and of his noble death.

THE CARRIER-BOYS' DINNER.

BY EERN E. REXFORD.

I'm a carrier-boy on the Times, you know. Been at the business four years or so. Mighty hard work for mighty small pay. But a feller's an appetite 'most every day. An' he's got to eat, an' he's got to wear. Suthin' or other. But I declare, seemed to me, G. L.'s mas, we'd starve for good. An' freeze, for we hadn't a stick o' wood. There I was, flat on my back, you see. Moslies, they said, had got hold o' me. An' I'd been swallowin' ginger-tea. An' this thing an' that thing, five or six days. An' couldn't get out to make a raise. Mother, she sowed for the shops, an' tried to take care o' me an' herself beside. But, Lord, with her rumatiz, what could she do? Tell ye what, partner, it made me feel blue. Seem'd her worry, an' plan, an' fuss. To keep us in vittals, an' bein' nuss. When I know'd she'd o'ber be settin' still. Stead o' waitin' on me. I tell ye, Bill, there's no institution I ever see. Quite up to mothers. That's my ideal!

"We'll come through it some way," sez mother, sez she.
 "The Lord will take care o' you, Tommy, an' me. I've finished that sewin', an' that'll buy bread fer to-morrow an' nex' day. We shan't starve," she said.

I began to get better, an' soon's I could stir I was bound to go out with the papers, but, sir, she wouldn't hear o' it. Sez she, "You keep still. Or you'll be down ag'in." Tell ye what, Bill, comes mighty tough, when your legs seem to be 'bout 'bout as a baby's legs. "Rest up," sez she.

"You'll work all the better for't, when you git to goin'." I can't say he's sick ag'in playin' smash with my sowing."

An' when she'd say that, so cheerful an' chipper, I'd part with a dry, an' make trucks for the dipper. Seem'd as if a good drinker kep' me from chokin'. But, tell ye, it cut me, Bill. That ain't no jokin'.

The day afore New Year's her rumatiz come back, an' I see her ac-roryn' when I peeked through the fer we'd do nothing to eat, an' I knew she had spent. The evenin' afore, her very last cent.

Bymyself she went out 'bout sayin' a word, an' an' as she was on the stairs, creakin' couldn't be heard. I pulled on my boots, an' I grabbed my old hat, an' all in a tremble, I h' out o' that.

I felt weak as a baby when I got to the street. But I made up my mind I'd hev suthin' to eat. I hadn't gone more than a block an' a ha' when my legs kinder crinkled—now, Bill, don't ye laugh—

But I thought I was dyin', and cried like a baby. If you'd been in my boots, you'd 'a' done the same, mebbe. I wilted right down, all at once, just as weak! An' when some one spoke to me, I tried to speak. But I couldn't. "Hey, Tommy, I say, here's a mate!"

An' Blinks, of the Post—he's another, you know—got hold, an' he give me a h't to my feet. "Lord, you look like a feller with nothin' to eat," sez he, stompin' round, makin' everything clatter. To git hisself warm. Sez I, "That's what's the matter."

Wall, Blinks got me home afore mother got round. An' he bought a big loaf, an' as much as a pound o' assegers. Lord! How good they did smell! I felt sure now. An' it made me 'most well. "Don't you go out ag'in for a week, Tom," sez he. But I didn't take stock in that, 'cause why, you see.

When a feller's 'nigh starvin' there's suthin' to do. An' he can't lay round loadin', jest 'cause he feels like that.

When mother come back she was pale as a sheet. "Set up to the table—hev suthin' to eat," sez I, fer I knew she was hungry an' faint. An' completely discouraged. "I'm in luck, if you ain't."

"Did the Lord bring it, Tommy?" sez she, kinder "That depends all on folkses' opinion, you know," sez I, mighty cheerful. "If the Lord's hair is 'nigh white, it's a sign."

You may bet yer last dollar he brought us that bread!"

"We'll trust in the Lord. If the sparrers can't fall, 'Thun' this knowin' it, Tommy, he'll care for us all. He didn't come, he sent us this bread. An' he's forsoke us. We shan't starve," she said.

"That event' we sot in the dark, an' sez I. 'I hadn't been sick, we'd 'a' had a big pie. An' a chicken, to-morrow, with suthin' an' latters. An' felt just as grand as the big folks, with 'em."

"I'm thankful," sez she, "fer a morsel o' bread. An' my boy to help eat! What if you was dead?" An' mother she hugged me tight up to her side.

An' kissed me so lovin' I sot there an' cried. Party soon on the stairs we heard a great clatter. "I wonder," sez mother, "what on earth is the matter?"

"They're a-comin' here, mother," sez I, "seems to me!"

An' they're bringin' up suthin'. Lord, what cau' I be?"

Then some person knocked, an' she opened the door. An' a bul' lot o' bundles rolled in on the floor. "Happy New Year's!" yelled Blinks, as he took to his heels.

"Give Tommy, to-morrow, three jolly good meals." Mother lit the candle, an' what do you think? There was bread an' pertaters, an' assegers tea. An' the fattest old turkey you ever did see!

I use my mouth water to look at 'em all. "The Lord come this way, an' he thought he would call."

"I'm with a chuckle, an' mother, sez she. "Here's enough for a week. Only smell o' that tea! Praise the Lord for his goodness," sez mother, sez she.

I tell ye what, Bill, that old turkey with stuffin' did go very hard with the 'spot a-puffin'!"

An' makin' the room smell like hull beads o' posies. An' I bread an' the latters delighin' our noses. 'Twas the loveliest meal that ever was eat. An' we didn't want nothin' fer supper, you bet!

Wall, sir, them vittels jest touched the right spot. An' the more I et on 'em the better I got. An' afore they was gone I was out on the street, a-workin' an' earnin' o' vittels to eat.

An' I hain't forgot Blinks, neither, bless his old soul! I've offered him money. "Don't want it," sez he. "If you get a good chance, help a feller, Tom Cole, an' see what a jolly good joke it is. That'll do me!"

PHIL HARDY, The Boss Boy;

OR, THE MYSTERY OF THE STRONGBOW.

BY CHARLES MORRIS, AUTHOR OF "THE GAMIN DETECTIVE," "NOBODY'S BOY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX. ON THE STRONGBOW.

NEAR the wharf the boys met their confederate, Joe Dot, who was sauntering carelessly along as if he had no business in life except to bask in the sunshine.

"Hallo! Joe. How's the giants?" called out Phil.

"The giants are well enough. It's you that's a little lumpy," retorted Joe.

"Don't D'ieve in them yet, hey?"

"Bet I do them! And in dwarts and hobgoblins, too."

"Well, you're a queer chap fur a Yorker. How 'bout Tim Fagan?"

"He ain't moved out

Not exactly caring to encounter the mate, he went below, into the sailors' quarters, where he occupied himself in a voyage of discovery of the ship's interior.

Meanwhile Phil, as we have seen, had slipped stealthily aboard the vessel, and introduced himself into the cabin while Dick was attracted by the attention of all on board.

It was a dangerous position for the boy to be in, and he looked around for some place of concealment in case of being suddenly intruded upon.

The cabin of the Stronbow formed a room of considerable size, and rather plainly furnished, a table, a few chairs, and a lounge, being the principal articles.

There were a couple of state-rooms on each side. Two of these stood partly open, forming the bedrooms of the captain and mate. The other two were locked.

Phil next tried the door in the forward part of the cabin, leading to the room in which he had been confined. It was only closed by a bolt on the cabin side, and he quickly opened it, and entered his old prison.

The apartment was a contracted one, and very faintly lighted by a dim illumination coming from the forward part of the vessel.

He had more than half expected to find Alice confined here, and it was with a feeling of disappointment that he found the room empty.

"Where in blazes have they got her, then?" he muttered. "I don't know any other place 'cept it's one of them state-rooms. Here's a door leading forward. Maybe I'd best explore."

The room formed a sort of lumber-closet for the cabin, and Phil stumbled, in the faint light, over various articles, as he sought the door which his quick eyes had made out.

It proved to be, like the other, fastened only on his side. In a moment he had it open and was gazing forward into the vessel.

It was a dim profundity into which he looked. The cargo had been removed from this part of the 'tween-decks, the hatches fastened down. Its only light came through a grating in the bulkhead forward, and lost itself in the center of the wide concavity, failing to penetrate the dark sides.

"That's all right," thought Phil, stepping boldly forward. "Dunno what this light of water is left set in here fur, 'cept they want to giv a feller a foot-bath.—Hello! here's a hole and a ladder. Guess I'll take a look further down."

The ladder led down to a lower hold, which lay in almost complete darkness, the light which came down with Phil hardly revealing the spot on which he stood. All else was profound gloom, except where, in what appeared an interminable distance forward, a faint beam of light struggled through what appeared to be a closed hatchway.

"Well, if it ain't dark enough to cut here, I'll sell out," muttered Phil, venturing some steps forward in the darkness.

There was no obstruction. This hold, too, had formed part of the stowage capacity of the ship, and was now empty.

Satisfied with his explorations so far, and growing anxious about the main object of his adventure, Phil made the best of his way back, reaching the small apartment adjoining the cabin.

Before venturing further he looked warily through a minute opening in the door. His quick ear caught, at the same moment, a step on the cabin stairs.

It was Captain Monroe, who now paused in the center of the cabin, his small, fox-like face peering warily around. Phil could see that he was nervous over something.

An idea occurred to the boy. Going cautiously back to where he had seen the bucket of water, he dipped his head into it as deeply as the bucket would admit. He came up streaming like a mermaid with salt water.

"Now for it," muttered Phil, in a choking voice.

When he again reached his point of view, he found Captain Monroe in the act of unlocking one of the state-room doors.

"That's where he keeps Miss Alice," thought Phil. "Now for it, give him a header."

The captain was on the point of looking into the room whose door he had partly opened, when he was startled by an odd noise behind him.

He turned quickly to behold, with starting eyes, a small head protruding from the lumber-room into the cabin, a head dripping with water, the hair hanging in soaked masses about the face that seemed to ooze water. He knew the face to be that of the boy whose helpless form he had flung into the river.

"I've been drowned!" muttered Phil, in sepulchral tones.

The captain's face grew white as he gazed at this apparition, his superstitious soul full of dread.

"I've been drowned!" repeated Phil, in tones that seemed drawn from as far down as his toes.

It was too much for the guilty nature of the captain. With a suppressed cry of dread he ran for the companionway, and dashed up the stairs as if in fear of being carried bodily to the lower regions.

With a laugh of triumph at his success, Phil hastily entered the cabin. The door of the state-room stood ajar, and he lost no time in flinging it wide open.

It was as he had hoped. There lay, reclining on a short lounge, the form of Alice Homer, her eyes staring oddly out at the intruder.

She seemed to be just recovering from the effects of the narcotic, and to be in a stupefied condition.

There was no time to be lost. Phil caught her rudely by the arm, crying:

"Come, Miss Alice! Git up instant! Your life's in danger here!"

Stirred by her energetic appeal, she tried to obey, and raised herself to meet him, but by his vigorous aid she tottered, though, like a drunken person, and seemed not to understand where she was nor what was expected of her.

Half leading and half dragging, Phil hurried her out of the room, the door of which he locked and appropriated the key.

"This way! Quick as lightning!" he exclaimed, impelling her forward.

She yielded involuntarily, like one walking in a dream. In a minute Phil had her through the lumber-room and into the hold beyond.

Leaving her there, he returned to close the doors he had left open behind him.

At that moment he heard the heavy step of the mate descending into the cabin, and his harsh voice muttering:

"Ghosts be blowed! There's a screw loose in Cap Monroe's brains."

CHAPTER XXI.

RATS IN A TRAP.

THERE was no time to be lost. The mate was of different caliber from the captain, and would be more likely to discharge a chair at Phil's soaking head than to run from him.

"He said he had opened the state-room door. I don't see any signs of it," growled the mate, taking a key from his own pocket and applying it to the lock.

Phil hastened from the door at which he had been listening, and hurried back to where he had left his charge.

"There'll be somethin' hot to pay soon," he said. "Wont take him long to find that the other door's unbolted."

There came a subdued roar from the cabin. The mate had just discovered that his bird had flown; the state-room was empty!

"My head is very thick and confused," she hesitatingly replied. "Where are we?"

"Away down in the second story cellar of the Stronbow. Know who I am?"

"No," she uneasily answered.

"Thought you didn't," responded Phil, with a slight laugh. "I'm Phil Hardy. I'm the chap that took you out of the water once and that's a goin' to take you out of the fire, now."

"Oh, yes; I remember you," she replied dubiously. It was evident that her faculties had not fully returned.

"Wait here a minute," cried Phil.

He dashed up the ladder to the deck above. In a minute he returned with the half-empty bucket.

"Here! Dash some of this in your face," he ordered. "It'll wash the cobwebs out of your brain quicker'n any thing I know of."

Phil held up the bucket while she mechanically obeyed him, giving her face a plentiful ablution in the cold water.

It had the effect he anticipated. Her consciousness returned more fully, and she looked around her with a clearer idea of the situation.

"Towels aint handy," explained Phil. "But it's only water. It'll dry off."

He carefully placed the bucket at the foot of the ladder, while she partially dried her face with her handkerchief.

"Here they come!" Phil cautiously remarked, his quick hearing catching a footstep on the deck above. "We've got to be movin'."

Taking her hand he led her through the gloom toward the light which so faintly illuminated the hold.

It was a forward hatchway, closed with grating, through whose openings the light came down.

Phil ran hastily up the ladder which led to it, and tried to push it aside. His attempt was vain; it was fastened above.

At the same moment a gleam of light shone from the other hatchway, and they saw the sturdy figure of the mate descending.

"If we aint rats in a trap, then there's no pumpkins," muttered Phil, looking doubtfully around. "Wonder if Dick's aboard? I'll giv him a call, anyhow."

With his lips to the grating Phil whistled, repeating it three times in quick succession.

It was answered in an unexpected way, by the sudden extinguishment of the light aft, and by a fierce curse from the lips of the mate. Phil at once divined the cause. He clapped his hands on his knees in delight.

"If he aint asleep, sell me out! Wish I only had another bucket full! I'd giv him a shower-bath, sure."

"What shall we do, Phil?" asked Alice, anxiously, as she heard her foe cursing as he ascended the ladder again.

"Wish I only knowed," answered Phil. "I'm despr'at afeared we're in a trap. If Dick was only about now."

His words were answered by a repetition of his signal, from the deck above the grating.

"Hello! that's clever," cried Phil, quickly ascending the ladder. "Here we are, Dick. Open this confounded trap-door, or we'll be in trouble, sure."

"All right!" came the voice of Dick from above, and his honest eyes were visible through the openings. "Hold hard. I'll fetch her soon."

"Here comes our enemy again," said Alice, in a low tone.

The light which now flashed through the hold was more intense than that which had been so suddenly put out. But it was also more contracted in range. It came from a dark lantern, which threw but a narrow line of light, leaving the remainder of the hold in deeper gloom than ever.

The bearer stood on the deck, slowly turning, and throwing the sharp beam of light successively over every point of the hold.

"What shall we do?" asked Alice, shrinking instinctively from the coming gleam.

"Wish Dick would hurry up," was Phil's answer. "We'll be seen sure, afore he gits it open."

The revolving light came nearer and nearer in its progress round the circle of the hold.

"Mought keep ahead of it if it weren't fur bein' heard," muttered Phil. "Ha! come this way, Miss Alice!"

He had just caught a glimpse of a possible covert. Taking her hand he led her quickly but noiselessly to the side of the ship, where lay a heap of old cable.

Crouching down behind this, they were covered from sight of the mate. In a minute more the light passed slowly over them, its intense gleam revealing every portion of that section of the hold, but throwing the space in which they crouched into deeper darkness.

It moved over their heads and slowly traversed aft along the deck. The two fugitives emerged from their concealment and approached the ladder. At the same instant a sliding sound was heard, and the grating moved quickly back, Dick's head appearing at the opening.

"Up the ladder, Miss Alice! Quick as lightning! It's your only chance!" cried Dick, in excited tones.

The noise had attracted the attention of the mate. He threw the light of the lantern upon the fugitives. They stood, too, in a circle of daylight entering at the open hatch.

The foot of Alice was where she stood on the ladder. The mate dropped his lantern and ran hastily toward them, with a fierce imprecation.

"Quick!" cried Phil, excitedly, lending Alice his assistance. "Give her your hand, Dick!"

Dick obeyed, and the trembling fugitive was rapidly drawn up the steps.

Phil was about to run up the ladder with the nimbleness of a squirrel, when he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder, and turned to look in a pair of revengeful eyes.

"Shoot the hatch, Dick!" he shouted. "Thunder's broke loose here!"

Dick at once obeyed. The hatch slid to its place. The devoted lad was left in the power of his furious foe.

(To be continued—continued in No. 405.)

Gold Dan:

OR,

The White Savages of the Great Salt Lake.

A TERRIBLE TALE OF THE DANITES OF MORMON LAND.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "VELVET HAND," "INJUN DICK,"
"OVERLAND KIT," "WOLF DEMON,"
"WITCHES OF NEW YORK,"
"BLACK DIAMOND," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE BATTLE.

"A FLAG OF TRUCE!" muttered Clark; "what do they want to say, anyway?"

"Shall I plug him, Cap?" asked the nearest Danite, a stout fellow on the right of the line, armed with a rifle.

"Oh, no; let's hear what they want."

And Clark rode forward to meet the flag. The bearer was well known to the Danites, by sight. Ben Smith he was called, a boss-teamster, and reputed to be as good a man of his inch as there was west of the Missouri, despite his age.

"I'm sorry that I've come on rather unpleasant business, Mr. Clark," he said, bluntly.

"Yes," replied the Danite, shortly.

"We want you to surrender to us and go back to Corinne and stand your trial for the killing of the old man."

"Oh, you want to try me?"

"Yes."

"Who, pray? I wasn't aware that you had any law courts in Corinne?"

"Judge Lynch answered your turn the other night, and you hadn't oughter object to the judge, now that your time has come to face the music."

"Judge Lynch is to try me, eh?"

"Yes, Oh, you'll have a good, fair trial; we guarantee that, and if you prove that the old fellow did commit those murders, of course the verdict will be not guilty."

"And if I don't prove it?"

"Well, I reckon in that case that we'll hang you, Mr. Clark, as an example."

"I'm very much obliged to you indeed," the Danite said, with that grim sort of humor which was so peculiar to him, "but I reckon that I won't come to Corinne to stand any trial just now; I'm pretty comfortable where I am; thanking you all the same for your kindness."

"Well, Mr. Clark, we shall have to try to take you!" Smith announced, with significant earnestness.

"You don't mean it?"

"Oh, yes, we do."

"Well, I've got ten more men than you have, and my dogs, too, fight with halteres around their necks."

"I reckon that we are the better armed, and kin pop you off at long range, if you really force us to fight you."

"That remains to be seen," Clark retorted, carelessly. "But, as for my forcing a fight on you, why the boot is on the other leg. Go your way; the prairie is wide."

"Clark, we've come for you, and we're going to have you if it takes every man in our outfit!" the Corinne man averred, decidedly.

"Oh, that's your talk, is it?" the Danite answered, insolently. "Now, listen to me: I'll give you just five minutes to get back to your line with that flag of truce, and then I'll charge, and after we get through with you, I reckon that there won't be many of you chaps able to go home to Corinne and tell your town how you hunted for John Clark on the prairie, and found him."

"That's your game?"

"Yes, and you'll find that I will play it for all my hand is worth."

The flag-of-truce bearer turned and rode rapidly back to where the Gentiles were in line.

"Look out, boys! It's fight!" he cried, as he rode up, "and they'll be down upon us in a brace of shakes!"

Quickly Gold Dan gave the command for action.

"Let every man take the fellow that is opposite to him, and don't fire until you are sure of your mark!"

And then, as the borderer ranged his eyes over the line of the foe, he detected the Texan in the opposing ranks, and also caught sight of the drooping, boyish figure, sitting so statue-like in the saddle, on the prairie beyond.

For a moment the stout and hardy adventurer—the man whose life had been one constant succession of perils—almost reeled in the saddle.

"Oh, I recognize them, now!" he muttered, the words escaping from lips strangely white. "I have been blind that I did not recognize him before, but *her* I have not seen. Now I understand why such bitter attacks upon my life have been made, and who is the guardian angel that strove so earnestly to warn me of the peril that threatened me; I understand all, now. The chase is up at last; I have hunted them down, but will I win or lose?"

At that time had the plainsman for reflection, for as the Danite had said, within five minutes he gave the command to advance, and like a flock of hungry hawks swooping down upon their prey, the Danites dashed over the prairie at topmost speed toward their foes.

Clark had calculated, with a single bold charge, to break the ranks of the borderers, for he did not believe that they would stand to encounter the onsets.

But, as we have said, the Gentiles were all picked men, excellent rifle-shots, and nearly all of them were either scouts or teamsters used to frontier warfare.

"Steady, men; steady!" Dan cautioned, as the Danites, with wild cries, came dashing on.

"Stand your men, and don't waste a shot!"

Little need of the caution, for each and every man of the outfit was fully prepared.

When the charging line got within about six hundred yards, they commenced to open fire, but the distance was too great, and the volley whistled harmlessly over the heads of the Gentiles; but when the Mormons got inside of four hundred yards, then all along the Gentile ranks burst forth a sheet of flame.

Terrible was the effect of the well-directed fire.

Ten men were down, either killed outright or else badly wounded, and some five more, though not unhurt, yet had received quick sufficient taste of Gentile lead to last them for many a day.

"Charge, boys! Give it to 'em!" cried Gold Dan, at the top of his lungs, perceiving that the decisive moment had arrived.

The Gentiles yelled and charged, revolvers in hand.

Disarrayed at their bloody reception, and struck with terror by the heavy loss that they had sustained, the Danites broke and fled in great confusion.

In vain did John Clark, who by a miracle almost had escaped serious injury, although bleeding from two wounds, attempt to rally them.

The ruffians had received too great a shock, and the Danite chief, perceiving that it was useless to attempt to turn the fortunes of the day, reluctantly put spurs to his horse and fled with the rest, and as the Danites were better mounted than the borderers, who had been obliged to pick up what steeds they could, easily succeeded in making good their escape.

The Gentiles pursued the ruffians until they lost them in the wooded defiles beyond the plain, and then, perforce, gave up the chase.

But, the victory was complete; never before, in all the annals of Utah, had the Danites received such a terrible beating, and gloomy and full of wrath indeed were the Destroying Angels when they straggled into their camp on Antelope Island, one by one, a few hours afterward, and realized that by a single blow they had lost one-third of their band.

And the Danite chief, too, was missing. At first it was believed that he had fallen at the murderous discharge; but then, when some recalled the fact that he had endeavored to rally the panic-stricken line, and others told how they had noticed the blood streaming down his deer-skin garb, it was generally concluded that in some lonely defile the stern chief of the White Savages had succumbed to his wounds, and found an unknown grave.

John Clark never joined the Danite band again, nor was he ever seen by any of them.

The Mormon leaders, when informed of the disaster that had befallen their chosen band, the "Swords of Gideon," and of the absence of Clark, caused careful search to be made for him.

His den in the mountains was visited, but the hand of the destroyer had been there also. Gunpowder and fire had done their work; the

rude hut had been destroyed; naught but ashes remained; the roof of the little cave had been blown up with gunpowder, and a most desolate picture it presented.

To the Mormon mind it was plain that the Gentiles, flushed with victory, had pursued the Duke of Corinne to his retreat in the mountains, and there settled in full the score of hate.

And the Mormons lamented the loss of stern John Clark, for no such man as he did they ever find again.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HUNTED DOWN AT LAST.

THE pursuit ended, the victorious Gentiles returned to view the field whereon the fight had been won so easily; eager, too, if possible, to relieve the suffering of the wounded men.

The Gentiles had come out of the fight almost without a scratch.

And Dan, who in the excitement of the fight had lost sight of the two Texans, now proceeded to search for them. He had not far to look.

Stretched upon the ground, just where he had fallen, right in the front of the charge, was the Texan; a well-aimed rifle-ball had settled his account with this world, but life still lingered within the stubborn frame, although it was quite plain that the man had not long to live.

Over him bent the slender form, dressed in male attire, but evidently a woman, the one whom he had designated as his brother.

Great tears were streaming from her big, black eyes, and in the soft Spanish tongue she called aloud upon all the saints in Heaven to spare her brother.

But what cares stern fate for a woman's prayers or a woman's tears?

The bullet of the frontiersman had done its deadly work only too well, and the time of the stricken man on earth must be measured by minutes, not by hours.

The Texan was perfectly conscious, and was gazing with dull eyes upon the face of the grief-tortured girl, when Gold Dan came up to the group.

Hastily the plainsman dismounted from his steed, and advanced toward the two.

An expression of bitter, impotent hatred came over the face of the stricken man, as his eyes fell upon the one whom he had tried so hard to kill, but who had so wonderfully escaped the several dangers.

And now, face to face, each recognized the other.

The adventurer knew the brother and sister to be Fernando and Blanche del Colma, and then knew him for Richard Velvet, or Velvet Hand.

Six months before the time of which we write, in Cinnabar City, far up North, under the shadow of great Shasta's peak of eternal snow, Richard Velvet and the queenly Blanche were to have been married; but, only a month before the day set for the wedding, both the brother and sister had mysteriously disappeared.

Velvet Hand had searched high and low, and at last getting a clew, had followed them to Utah.

On the way thither he had come across the body of the true Gold Dan, killed in an Indian fight; the savages had been driven off by a timely arrival of troops, before they had a chance to strip or mutilate the body.

As Velvet Hand looked upon the slain man, he noticed that he bore quite a resemblance to himself; an idea flashed upon him; by assuming to be Gold Dan he would be enabled to search for the fugitives without exciting Del Colma's suspicions, for of course the brother would be on the watch for Velvet Hand, not for an unknown like Gold Dan.

"You have hunted us down at last," the brother said, speaking slowly and with great difficulty.

"I have, for I wished to assure myself that Blanche went with you of her own free will, and under no compulsion."

"And if that is the truth?" Del Colma, asked.

"I am content, and will not complain," Velvet Hand answered, firmly. "It is her right to choose."

"You went with me of your own free will, Blanche, eh?" the brother asked, turning his glassy eyes upon the face of the girl.

"Yes, of my own free will," she answered, slowly, not daring to trust her eyes to rest upon the face of the man she had so cruelly wronged.

"And yet she loves you better than she does her own life," the brother observed, a mocking smile creeping over his face.

"I do not understand the riddle," Velvet Hand said, simply.

"It is easily explained," Del Colma answered. "My mother, on her death-bed, made her swear that she would never leave me while I needed her care. For the last year my brain has been affected. I have been mad at times; I am mad whenever I come in contact with you—frantic with the desire to kill you. She knew this, and to save your life she was willing to go with me wherever I went. Now the mystery is out, and you know why she forsook you."

For a moment the now fast-dying man paused to take breath, then again he proceeded.

"But that is all ended, now. Within a very few minutes my account with this world will be closed, and then she will be free—she will be yours; death alone gives her to you, for with life I never would yield her. Blanche—my sister—kiss me for the last time before you go to this man I hate!"

Terrible was the tone in which Del Colma uttered the words. Even with the chilly clutch of Death's dark angel upon him, he did not relent.

The weeping girl—now only a mere wreck of what she had been only a few short months before, when, in Cinnabar City, she had won the fancy of iron-hearted Velvet Hand, the Dick Talbot of other days, bent over the stricken man and pressed a kiss upon his lips, and then, even as the caress was given, there was a quick, sharp report, a moan of pain came from the girl's lips, and she fell heavily upon the wounded man, the shock crushing the frail life from his body; and he died, too, with a mocking smile upon his thin lips.

His last act had been to tear the heart of the man he hated. A small pocket pistol he had held concealed in his hand, and when the girl had bent over him he had placed it against her heart and fired; death had ensued from the wound almost instantly.

For a moment Talbot gazed upon the fearful sight, his senses reeling, and then flying like a madman to his horse, he leaped upon the animal's back, and spurred away at topmost speed.

"All that love me are doomed to die!" he cried, in agony. "Bernice, my first love, is the only one that has ever escaped. Am I, then, fatal to the women who love me? It would seem so. No rest! no peaceful home for me! No children to play around my knee and smooth my path in old age. Oh, fate! if you

have nothing better for me in the future than you have given in the past, let me not live, but die and find the rest that is denied me here, in the earth from whence I came."

Straight on Talbot rode through the live-long day, turning neither to the right nor left, save when impassable barriers hemmed in the way.

He sought the waters of Lethe, that he might drink and forget the bitter past.

Never more did the town of Corinne see the manly figure of Gold Dan, and pretty Durango Kate waited long and anxiously for the man she had made up her mind to captivate, but he never came.

THAT GIRL OF MINE.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

You ask about that dear, divine,
Delicious, darling Girl of Mine.
I could not, truly as you live,
Half of a perfect picture give.
And you say, "I'll be your guide,
I could not even paint her nose,
For painter's brush and poet's line
Would fall upon this Girl of Mine."

That Girl of Mine is just eighteen,
To doubt it, I'd not be so mean;
For five long years she's told me so;
It's time I should believe it now.
But then, we're even, each with each,
For I have made her think me rich,
And you can guess just how I shine
In eyes of that dear Girl of Mine.

That Girl of Mine I love not less
Because she is so fond of dress;
And me she often says she loves
More than she does six-button gloves.
She has more faith, she oft avers,
In me than in her milliners.
The sweetest thing in ermine,
Is Geraldine, that Girl of Mine!

She says my step makes her rejoice
As much as does the errand-boy's
With bundles from the dry-goods store.
The purchase of an hour before
Love is the fashion, and she says
She'll be in white by five o'clock.
Like a whole lumber-yard I pine
For Geraldine, that Girl of Mine!

Last night I softly asked of her
What housework did she most prefer?
Then sweetly answered, "The quadrille."
Yet she's all patience, and can work
All day as hard as any Turk,
Preparing for a ball at five.
That most industrious Girl of Mine.

She's quite religious, and her creed
Is very wide, indeed;
In most acceptable array
She goes to church, and in the way
She poses there no fault you see,
And hardly of the earth is she.
At least to judge by outward sign
An angel is that Girl of Mine.

She goes about among the poor—
Her old acquaintances of yore—
And unto them she gives advice
On how to make their dress increase.
She wants to be example rare,
And wants all eyes to judge her fair.
She is a model girl, in fine,
That dear and costly Girl of Mine.

Woods and Waters;

OR,

The Rambles of the Littleton Gun Club.

BY LAUNCE POYNTE.

XI.

THE LAST OF THE DUCKS.

"It's not enough to be able to shoot straight," said Bruce, as we left the light-house that afternoon, "to become a successful duck-hunter. One must know the habits of the game, and ducks feed at night till daylight, and go to their feeding-grounds at sunset. In the day they seek the quietest places they can find, to roost in peace. Just here, their roosting-places are away in the woods, back among some little ponds. Mart has been there, and knows where to look."

The old hunter seemed indeed to feel quite secure of his route, for he stepped off with an assured air. We left the light-house by land, with our guns and game-bags, and were warned to put on wading-boots, unless we wished to get wet.

Tramping in wading-boots is no joke, and our walk was long and wearisome. We crossed a belt of cultivated country, and entered woods of low, scrubby trees, passing along mile after mile, till the ground began to descend and grow moist and swampy.

"I hope we won't go much further," said Charley Green, confidentially. "For I don't see how we'll ever get back, if we have much game to carry."

"Don't you fret," enjoined old Mart, who overheard him. "That's a wagon comin' to meet us at Deadman's Corners, not two miles from here. I seen to that. Now hush, all o' ye. We're gittin' nigh the place. Ye see the light yonder? That's a pond, and, if I ain't much mistaken, there's a pile o' duck there. Now, Cap, you take your crowd. Tom Smith, he'll show ye where to stand; and we'll take the other side and keep 'em drivin'. Heel, Prince! Down, ye old sinner! Don't ye know yer biz, better'n that?"

He spoke to that absurd-looking mongrel of his, which was beginning to get excited, and threatened to range ahead. Prince seemed to understand the rebuke, for he slunk back behind his master with his tail down, looking humble and dejected.

"I'll bet on that there dog for a duck-dog again any day," said the bird-retrievers in a jargon, said Old Mart proudly. "He understands his biz, he does; and if he's a little rash, now and then, he only needs to be spoken to to come down and attend to it. Go ahead, Tom!"

As he spoke, we could distinguish before us a decided break in the forest, indicating a clearing; and could hear in the distance occasional bursts of quacking, which told of the vicinity of ducks. Our party was now silently divided into two bodies; one, led by Tom Smith, the keeper, containing Bruce, Sol Hawkins and several good shots, striking off to the right, while old Mart retained the rest of us in a squad at a halt till the others were out of sight.

"The pond ahead covers a matter of eight or nine acres," explained Mart; "and we must give them time to get round it. Take a rest. I'm goin' to smoke."

In effect, we stayed where we were for about ten minutes, when Mart shook the ashes out of his pipe and announced that it was time to be off.

"Follow your leaders; go easy, and keep livered behind trees," was his advice.

Accordingly, we stole slowly forward after the old man for about a hundred yards, in Indian file, fitting from tree to tree. As we advanced, the soft ground changed to black mud, and became interspersed with pools of water; till finally we were wading in water up to the ankles, and beheld before us the goal of our desires, a pond encircled with trees. As Mart had warned us, it was covered with flocks of ducks, some asleep on the water, others swimming about in circles, playing with each other and quacking.

Old Mart here halted and placed Long Coventry behind a tree.

"Can't trust your long shanks stalkin' round," he remarked. "You stay there and shoot when we shoot, or when you git a chance."

He placed Ryder close beside Coventry at another large tree, on the huge moss-covered roots of which a small island had accumulated.

"Now, boys," he said to Green and myself, "take it cool and spread out. Yonder's a big log that'll hide you, Charley. Go for it. Hide yourself, Launce."

In a few minutes we were deployed in the forest at the edge of the swamp, but the ducks were out of easy shot. They seemed to be determined to keep tantalizingly in the middle of the pond.

Presently the forest on the other side of the pond was illuminated by a flash, and we could see a heavy charge of shot pour into the ducks, and splash into the water.

"That's one of Bruce's long rangers," cried old Mart. "Here they come, lads! Give 'em Jesse."

In effect, the sound of the shot produced a tremendous commotion. In a twinkling, all the ducks set up a grand chorus of terrified quacks, and came swimming and flying straight toward us, trying to rise from the water to clear the

tops of the trees, but cramped for want of space.

In this condition they presented excellent marks, as their struggles brought the whole flock within thirty yards of us, flying in a dense mass for the tops of the trees.

Bang! bang! went the guns; and the sound of ducks falling into the water told that the volley had taken effect. Out rushed Prince after the wounded ones, and the whole flight of ducks swerved round, wildly quacking, and sailed away to the opposite side of the lagoon. Then we could see the flashes of our friends' guns, and again the flock swerved off at a right angle.

Bang! bang! went more guns, and we could see more ducks dropping, while the flock, again headed off, made a dash for the fourth side of the pond and made its escape!

"There, I think that's a pretty handsome toll for one flock to pay," observed old Mart, as he wiped out his gun. "That's all we'll git to-day on this pond, and I guess Coventry and Oak has each shot a duck."

It was true, as each had a bird lying nigh him. The total killed by our volley of five double-barrels was eighteen ducks, and Prince had already retrieved them for us, and was crossing the pond retrieving for the other parties.

When we came to compare notes on our tramp home, we found that out of fourteen guns in the whole party we had killed no less than thirty-five ducks, in that single pond.

"And that's nothing to what you kin do if you hide near a feeding pond and take 'em as they come in," averred Tom Smith.

As Mart had promised, we had not to walk home. We passed on through the woods till we reached an old grass-grown country road, and came at last to a broken-down smithy, the very counterpart of Mart's at Littleton, only more ruinous. Here we found an old lay-wagon, with four horses, waiting for us, and we were soon jolting home to the banks of the river.

When we arrived at the light-house, we were rather surprised to see a soldier in undress uniform, sitting on the edge of the dock, smoking a pipe and talking to the keeper's son. As soon as this soldier saw the approaching party, he shook out the ashes of his pipe into the river, pocketed the instrument, and stood stiffly up. The moment before, he looked a rather slouchy individual, in a blue sack with a forage-cap, but now he was a smart soldier on duty.

"Boys," said Captain Bruce, as soon as he saw this figure, "my loading time is over. Yonder is my orderly, and I feel sure he has brought orders for me."

It proved true. The soldier was Bruce's servant, who had been left in his master's quarters at West Point, with orders to bring on any official letters that came.

He presented the captain with a long envelope, having "WAR DEPARTMENT-OFFICIAL



A moment later, the forest tableau was rudely broken by the report of the American's rifle.

BUSINESS," printed on the cover, while the address was to Bruce himself.

"As I thought," he said, when he had opened it. "Orders to join my company at Fort Napoleon, Upper Missouri, by the shortest practicable route. My leave is over. The Indians are getting troublesome. How can I get to the Western train quickest, Tom?"

"Up train stops at Van Rensselaer 4.45 P.M.," said the light-house keeper. "Ye'd better take the 9 o'clock from Albany, Cap. There's the 4.45 goes up there, and takes you in time for a sleeping-car. Then you won't have to hurry so."

"Where's the baggage, Miles?" asked the captain of his orderly.

"Albany, your honor. Colonel Snagsby told me ye'd be wanting to be off at once, sir."

"Very good, Miles. Now, boys, I'll have to bid you all good-by at once. I'm off to the plains. Charley Green, and you, Launce, you remember you're promised faithfully to pay a visit. When shall I bet? Next spring."

"When do the buffalo come down?" asked Charley, eagerly.

"They'll begin in a few weeks, going south, as the winter opens."

"Then if you don't mind, I'll come soon," half-solicited Charley.

"With all my heart!" answered Bruce. "Go home. Pack up some warm flannels—all you can get. Bring a pair of revolvers—Colt's, mind—and leave the rest to me. Now, good-by."

And our old friend was off for the up-train, just as the whistle sounded in the distance.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 401.)

A Fortunate Shot.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

"He lives in the shadow of death. If he weds the sonneteer Julia, there will be another widow in Tucson shortly after that event."

"You speak confidently, Dan. Indeed, did we not know you, pard, we might think that you intend to figure in that bit of widow-making of which you speak."

Dan Shuler, or Strong Dan as he was called wherever familiarly known, winced at his friend's remark, and hastened to say:

"I allow that the sonneteer once occupied my thoughts, and it might have been said that Dan Shuler had found his affinity, as they say in the States; but I guess the feeling didn't amount to anything serious. No, pard, I shall not be in at that widow-making. Perhaps I don't like Jim Rutherford; but that's neither here nor there. Mebbe he doesn't like Dan Shuler. That's all right, boys. There's an Indian up the river named Katchewan; we call him Otter Tail."

The group exchanged looks.

"Otter Tail will make the sonneteer a widow!" said one.

"I did not say so," Shuler replied, with a meaning smile, and then, after a pause, he said:

"I guess none of you like Jim Rutherford any too well."

"No," chorused half a dozen voices.

"Then I'll tell you. It was up the river, near the forks, last summer. Rutherford was there. We were sitting around the fire, when Otter Tail came into camp. The red-skin was half drunk, and at once he began to brag. He was not long letting out the secret of Rutherford's loss of his horse a month before. The young fellow flew up in a passion, and springing to his feet he knocked the Indian down, right into the fire. I jerked him out before he was badly burned, and took him out of camp."

"What did the Indian say, Dan?"

"He was as mute as an oyster for some time; but when I got him to talking he merely said: 'To-morrow Katchewan will make the bullet for the white dog's carcass.'"

"That meant business."

"Of course it did. The Indian hasn't forgotten the knock-down, for yesterday he showed me the burn on his shoulder, and assured me that the hour of vengeance was near at hand."

The foregoing conversation took place in a bar-room in Tucson one night in the summer of 1869. The parties were men of acknowledged desperateness; but who claimed to have that sense of "honor" which curses our Western frontier and makes more graves there than the ravages of disease.

Strong Dan had not exaggerated the story of Otter Tail's chastisement by the young New-Yorker, who was quietly making money in Tucson in a legitimate way, much to the envy and annoyance of the rough portion of the community. The Indian had deserved the punishment. He was a sub-chief of some note, and had few redeeming qualities. Fire-water was his favorite beverage, and petty thieving his frequent occupation. He had ingratiated himself into the graces of such men as Dan Shuler and his lawless confederates, and they would resent any indignity offered the chief.

This Indian was the "shadow of death" referred to by the rough character of Tucson.

His hatred of Rutherford was deadly, and swift would have been the young man's doom if Strong Dan had not advised him to delay the blow until his enemy had led the Spanish girl to the altar.

Strong Dan had an object in view when he bestowed this unsought advice. Sonneteer Julia had rejected his proposals of marriage, and plainly intimated that her choice had fallen upon the young gentleman from the States.

Shuler, finding himself baffled, appeared to acquiesce in the fair lady's decision, and went his way; but it was not long afterward that he found Katchewan under the influence of fron-

Presently the trailer, for undoubtedly such the person was, grew into an Indian, for plume and garments became visible, and the American recognized him.

It was Katchewan, or Otter Tail, and Rutherford knew that the chief was upon his trail.

Closer to the broad clapboard-like leaves of the protecting plant the hunted man crouched, with his eye fixed steadfastly upon the Indian, whose errand was no longer a matter of conjecture. Scarce thirty feet from the bunch of maguay Otter Tail came to a halt and looked around perplexed.

The man whom he had followed from Tucson had to him mysteriously disappeared; the earth seemed to have opened and swallowed him.

Rutherford watched and enjoyed the chief's perplexity until he saw another figure, panther-like, creeping upon his trailer.

No sound indicated the second approach, and a moment after the discovery, the young man recognized an Indian, called the Creeper, standing with uplifted tomahawk menacingly near Otter Tail.

The tableau was the most thrilling one Rutherford had ever beheld. He read it in an instant, and for a moment resolved to witness the denouement without interference.

Otter Tail, while seeking his life, had been tracked by a red enemy of his own tribe, and a forest feud was about to be settled in a startling manner.

But Rutherford could not stand idly by and see the life of his enemy taken by a sneaking assassin, and the rifle which had covered Katchewan shifted to the figure of his scarlet foe.

A moment later, the forest tableau was rudely broken by the report of the American's rifle, and Otter Tail's would-be slayer, dropping the uplifted hatchet, fell with a death-cry at the foot of a tree.

Quick as a flash the chief whirled, to see his foe in the agonies of death, and to discern a puff of white smoke curling above the maguay.

"The Creeper hark Katchewan long time," he said, catching a glimpse of his preserver, and coming forward as if willing to trust the man who had stricken the brave.

Rutherford stepped boldly forth to see Otter Tail start back with a cry of amazement.

But it was only for a moment.

Katchewan hunt the white man! the Indian suddenly cried, throwing his gun to the ground and advancing again. "He had promised to wait till Spanish girl his wife; but the evil spirit said, 'No wait! to-day! to-day!' and Katchewan was on his trail. He hunt white man no more; he can take pretty girl to his lodge, and Katchewan will guard it with his life. Injun grateful! Injun not always a dog!"

With an exclamation of joy Rutherford seized the red hand which the chief thrust forward, and there was a fraternal grasp.

Then two figures went down the leafy aisle,

Ripples.

"The Turkish braid" is the latest novelty in hair-dressing, but the Russian girls say you can't play it on them.

In some men were measured by the size of their hearts and souls, and what they make them a suit of clothes, including an ulster overcoat.

Mrs. Shoddy puckered up her mouth gently and told a gentleman that one of her lovely daughters was a "bunet," and the other a "bronze."

CURIOSITY in children is but an appetite for knowledge. One great reason why children abandon themselves wholly to silly pursuits and trifle away their time insipidly is because they find their curiosity balked and their inquiries neglected.

"CHILDREN," said a gentleman visitor in closing his address to an Ohio school the other day. "I trust you will all appreciate education and cherish and love your excellent teacher, as I do." Tableau with red fire furnished by the pretty schoolma'am.

A few days ago a very handsome lady entered a dry-goods house and inquired for a bow. The polite clerk threw himself back and remarked that he was at her service. "Yes, but I want a buff, not a green one," was the reply. The young man went on measuring goods immediately.

In this world of mingled shadows and sunshine, where gladness dwells beside happiness, and there are beautiful smiles as well as agonizing tears, it is good to take a hopeful and philosophical view of affairs. Even the boot which lifts a sewing machine agent off the front steps may contain a stocking which on Christmas morning will overflow with blessings from loving friends.

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